

# The Sign

A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE

*Maria Sarto*

By GABRIEL FRANCIS POWERS

*The New Dark Ages*

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*Counterfeit Catholicism*

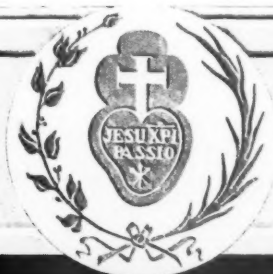
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July, 1927

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# The Sign

A NATIONAL CATHOLIC  
MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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## *Read The Heart-Rending Tragedy of Shenchow beginning on the Opposite Page!*

To the Readers of THE SIGN:

My Dear Friends:

During the past five years we have published many communications from our missionary Priests and Sisters in China; but we have never published anything that so touched our heart as the letter of Father Cuthbert O'Gara, C.P., that begins on the opposite page. Don't fail to read it and please pass it on to others.

It is the story of the last days of our mission headquarters at Shenchow. For this mission and what it represents the Passionists connected with THE SIGN can honestly say that they have worked laboriously and with a whole-hearted singleness of purpose; and many of you have supported this mission at the cost of much personal sacrifice and have made its progress the object of your earnest prayers. For you and for us Shenchow means bitter tragedy.

But what must it mean to our Missionaries in China? Father Cuthbert tells us the facts, but he surely can never express the sentiments that filled his own heart and Father Paul's as they burnt the vestments, the pictures, the crucifixes, the tabernacle, and dropped the chalice into the bosom of the river, lest these might be profaned by sacrilegious hands. These missionaries had made almost superhuman sacrifices in leaving country, home and family to live and work among a strange people; but these sacrifices could not compare with the poignancy of their grief as they saw the fruit of their patient toil and heroic self-denial wither and come to nought!


Very appropriately the Shenchow Tragedy took place during the sombre days of Holy Week. The last public service was the Veneration of the Cross on Good Friday! What more fitting time for the calumniated, hounded, persecuted Christ to let these sons of His Passion taste of His own chalice of agony and dereliction! But through the darkness comes the ray of light and comfort reflected in that good Chinese woman—a widowed mother—by name Catherine. How reminiscent of that other Widowed Mother left by our Lord to console and strengthen His first Apostles in their discouragement and despair!

Father Cuthbert says that he and his companions are ready to face the future with whatever Providence may have in store for them. The courage of these valiant Priests of God should inspire us all the more to double our efforts in behalf of those poor Chinese who know not what they do . . . Remember that Calvary was only an *apparent* failure!

Faithfully yours in Christ,

*Father Harold Purcell, C.P.*



<p>EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY THE PASSIONIST FATHERS MONASTERY PLACE UNION CITY, N. J.</p> <p><small>All Money Accruing from the Publication of THE SIGN goes to the Support of the Passionist Missions in China.</small></p>	 <p><b>The Sign</b></p> <p>A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MONTHLY MAGAZINE UNION CITY N. J.</p>	<p>SUBSCRIPTION RATES:</p> <table style="width: 100%; border: none;"> <tr> <td>One Year - - -</td> <td>\$2.00</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Three Years - - -</td> <td>\$5.00</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Life - - - - -</td> <td>\$50.00</td> </tr> </table> <p>CANADA: 25c Extra FOREIGN: 50c Extra</p> <p><small>All Checks and Money Orders Should Be Made Payable to THE SIGN. Cash Should Be Sent in Registered Letters.</small></p>	One Year - - -	\$2.00	Three Years - - -	\$5.00	Life - - - - -	\$50.00
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Volume Six

July, 1927

Number Twelve

## Current Fact and Comment

### The Heart-Rending Tragedy of Shenchow

**EDITOR'S NOTE:** *The following letter was received at Union City, N. J., on June 25th, and was written by Rev. Cuthbert O'Gara, C. P. It is addressed to the Very Rev. Stanislaus Grennan, C.P., Provincial of the Passionist Fathers in the Eastern States.*

*Chen Yuen, Kweichow, China,  
May 13th, 1927.*

VERY REVEREND  
DEAR FATHER PROVINCIAL:

This is the first opportunity I have had of writing your Paternity some lines describing the events which led up to and immediately followed the evacuation of the Shenchow Mission by Father Paul and myself. I think I already wrote you of our first flight the early part of April and of our return early the following morning. For several weeks following we continued our work of providing for the orphans and other mission dependents, gradually thinning out the Mission. At the same time as much of our procuration supplies as possible were sold—with much difficulty and annoyance—in order to supply ourselves with necessary revenue, since other sources of income had been cut off.

Slowly and inevitably the atmosphere thickened about us—the pressure became stronger and stronger. Our mission activities came to a standstill. Holy Thursday morning we had Mass very early in the church. I had just entered the sacristy at the conclusion of the service when soldiers entered the church. Next morning—Good Friday—we had a brief veneration of the

Cross—early and behind locked doors. This was our last public service. To carry on further was only to invite open hostility towards ourselves and our Christians, with possible disaster—and we were still praying and hoping that we would be able to remain on.

About two weeks earlier the Student Brigade—the trained propagandists from Canton—who had come to town with the Southern soldiers and were quartered in the Protestant Mission, demanded three rooms in our rectory. We temporized by giving up the lower floor in the convent. This only put off the evil day for a time. By Easter Sunday morning our position was well-nigh desperate. We had Mass in the Prefect's chapel for a few of the servants—we had but to look out the back window to see the Protestant buildings occupied by the Southern troops, and civilians rifling the foreigners' belongings thrown into the streets by the soldiers. The propaganda in the streets was becoming more intense. Our servants were being prescribed for helping the "foreign devils" and were making preparations to leave. Easter dragged in laden with apprehensions. Everything pointed to our having to give up, and yet we hoped against hope that we might be allowed to stay on in our house, even as "quasi prisoners." It was terribly hard to accept the situation and voluntarily relinquish what had cost so much in labor and money to build up.

With the determination to hang on until the end, we began on Easter Monday to make preparations against evacuation if we were forced

## THE † SIGN

out. So, Monday the work of destruction within the house began—the house was stripped of holy pictures, crucifixes and superfluous supplies; the front gate and the door were locked. In the late afternoon Father Paul was called to the parlor—guests had called. He went in and found military men and civilians—they had been unannounced. He asked the name of the senior officer—it was the General himself! Later, I took a turn down the upstairs corridor and I met a party of soldiers and officers. I passed them, merely saying “Looking about?”—we were grown accustomed to having soldiers prowling about at all times, and we tried not to show concern. Then Father Paul appeared and introduced me to the General. He looked over the house and went to the convent. He would take it for his soldiers—their presence would be our protection—the people would not enter—but they would use the church for propaganda purposes. We could still be in our house. He was one bad egg, and so were his entourage. That night we stripped the church—the big statues and crucifixes were taken out and smashed and burned, the oil paintings likewise, and tabernacle and confessionals cut into fire-wood—anything of which they might make sport in public.

**N**EXT DAY was given to burnings, within and without,—all vestments, articles of devotion, private papers, devotional books, etc. This day we were left alone. Then Wednesday dawned. Much had yet to be done and soldiers were beginning to come in and make our work of elimination very difficult, as well as very dangerous for our Christian helpers, who were thus recognized. About eleven o'clock the General sent word that he would, in two days, occupy our house himself, and that the two foreigners might have two rooms upstairs in which to live and store their belongings! You will appreciate the irony of this when for several months we had been gradually retreating into our own immediate quarters and the house was packed with all manner of our mission supplies. This was his Oriental way of telling us to get out. Later in the day new instructions came that we might have the upper story except two rooms. Later still, just to torture us, an officer said that two rooms would not suffice upstairs for the General's guard, but they would need three. Then he coolly marked off a room which served as a store-room and was filled with furniture and other equipment. Of course, it was hopeless to think of moving anything. All the time the house was over-run with private soldiers, who, under our eyes and in spite

of the verbal pledges of the officers that we were to be protected, were pilfering our belongings, and even insulting us and prying into everything.

Our position became intolerable. Our servants were all leaving us on the morrow—they could not remain with the soldiers in charge. We were to be absolutely cut off from the Christians and all outside communications—no arrangement was entered into for our food or our support and with the coming of the General and his armed guards, we would become prisoners with no further chance for freedom. So we decided to make a dash for safety in the hope of being of some future service and of not rashly playing into the hands of the General and his crew.

Only one faithful soul knew of our intention. This was a Christian widow, Catherine by name. Against possible necessary flight we had put several boxes of clothes and a Mass-kit in her keeping. Whilst the other servants and Christians were saying good-bye, feeling that they would not in the future be able to get to us, penned up by the General, Catherine hid in the deserted girls' school. We left all our help and Christians under the impression that we were staying on upstairs. About midnight we saw the last of these—having given away as many usable articles as we safely could, and locked the doors. Then we packed our money—much of it in silver dollars, most cumbersome to carry—destroyed a few more remaining valuables, and at two o'clock we both said Mass. Masses over, we burned the vestments, missals and other sacristy equipment—smashing the altar stone, since we could not carry these with us. Then we stripped our money belts, called in Catherine and also a young boy, who slept in the house. We quietly slipped out the back door and gate, along a cross-street and then down a main thoroughfare to the city wall—not a soul abroad—along the city wall to the center gate—this night no guards were on duty—through the middle gate to the river bank. Here Catherine had a faithful boatman in waiting. Noiselessly we crept across the river—in the middle dropping the last chalice and cruets and censer, etc.

**A**RRIVED on the opposite bank, we started off for a three-hour tramp into the mountains to some relatives of Catherine's. Here we hid for four days—eating and sleeping in the farmhouse, and spending the rest of the time in the mountains, hidden in the foliage, for we feared that our place of refuge would be discovered by the *Tang Pa*. At the end of the fourth day, Catherine arranged for a boat to take us up to

## THE † SIGN

Chenki, where the Prefect was awaiting word from us. At midnight we started out from the farm-house to retrace our steps to the shore opposite Shenchow. In silence, each carrying a small bundle of clothing and other necessities, the party followed Catherine as with a dim lantern she led the way up and down hill and in and out of the rice fields. It was a strange sensation this, to come again within sight of Shenchow where a price had been offered for our apprehension. Again a small boat was in waiting. We embarked in the darkness, and stealthily crept up stream beyond the confines of the city. Early the next morning we set out for Chenki. Two days we remained in hiding beneath the low hood of a sampan—stretched out on our backs. Towards the close of the second day we arrived at Pushil. Knowing in what anxiety the Prefect must be, we resolved to set out on foot across the mountains for Chenki. Luckily, Father Paul, from old association, was fairly well acquainted with the road and, though in the darkness we missed the main path several times, with God's help we finally reached the city about ten o'clock. The welcome given us by the Prefect and Father Cyprian was tender in the extreme. After resting two days we started out on the second lap of our big adventure. From this point, I believe, the Prefect has been keeping your Paternity informed.

THE PAST four months have taught me many things. Practical experience in times of persecution and stress, had brought to light certain aspects which are not ordinarily mentioned in the record of such a time. One would think it an easy matter to save much of the Mission equipment—especially religious goods—by distributing among the Christians who might be supposed to be proud to protect the priests' belongings. And so we thought at first, but we did not reckon with the insane jealousies of some unworthy Christians, so that those who received books and trunks for safe-keeping became the targets for abuse, persecution and calumny. The wildest rumors were afloat—so that much of our goods which at first were put out were later returned to us by Christians who did not wish to leave themselves open to accusations of growing rich on the Mission. Still we managed to get some things into safe-keeping—our sacred vessels are buried—and if one or two faithful souls escape the investigations of the *Tang Pa* we shall have salvaged something. But the Lord seems to have decreed that we be stripped of everything, even the few boxes given to Cath-

erine containing a supply of clothes for the summer and our Mass-kit, and which she stored in a pagan temple, thinking this to be absolutely safe, have been lost. Soldiers unexpectedly occupied the building and she could not dare attempt to remove the boxes without arousing suspicion. If opened and found to be priests' belongings in her possession she would be reported to the *Tang Pa* and harshly treated.

As soon as word got abroad in the city the morning that we fled, the people rushed in and carried off such things as they could conveniently do. Later the soldiers arrived and occupied the house, as had been their original intention. Afterwards all our mission buildings—schools, seminary, house, convent, dispensary—were occupied by soldiers. This is the policy carried out everywhere the Southern enter. The foreigner must be crushed and every vestige of prestige broken. The set purpose is not to kill. This, if it occurs, is extraordinary and brought about by local conditions; the purpose is to destroy all work and enterprise in any way opposed to the furtherance of the new government. The organization is all-embracing and crushing.

All the members of our party are well and quite ready to face the future with whatever Providence may have in store for us. Kindly remember us in your prayers and have the Religious do the same, for we need God's supporting grace.

Always devotedly yours,  
(Signed) CUTHBERT O'GARA, C.P.

*Rt. Rev. John J. O'Connor, D. D.*

THE "FELL-SERGEANT, Death, who is so strict in his arrest", has laid a heavy hand on the Diocese of Newark and has summoned its Chief Shepherd to the land of great and eternal realities. It was the reward of true charity to which God called His faithful Apostle. With the lengthening of the years in the gentle reign of Bishop O'Connor, the treasury of charity and mercy increased. In fact a charity, that is "patient", "kind", that "is not puffed-up", that "seeketh not her own", made this Apostle of Newark look beyond the horizon of his own Diocese and sympathize practically with the benighted peoples that make up two thirds of the world's population. This truly Catholic Bishop was never known to turn a missionary from his door. In spite of the pressing need of teaching Sisters for the schools of his own Diocese, he generously answered the pagan's call for help by permitting

## THE † SIGN

the Sisters of Charity at Convent Station to take over the missions in China. Finally, to strengthen and perpetuate the mission spirit in the hearts of the lambs and sheep of his flock he organized mission activity in his Diocese on a firm, enduring foundation. In a long reign of twenty-six blessed years, Bishop O'Connor was a true Shepherd of souls; and perhaps his greatest claim to that well-merited title arises from the immeasurable, spiritual good he brought to "other sheep that are not of this fold". His was a charity that knew no bounds; and its fruits literally extend to the ends of the earth. May the Lord of the Harvest bestow upon His Apostle the just reward of his earthly labors both for the Diocese of Newark and for the world in general.

### *On the Wings of Prayer*

**N**EITHER the powerful and smooth-running engine, nor the delicate instruments, nor the amount of gasoline, nor the quality of motor oil, nor the skill of the flyer, nor any other mechanical device, singly or collectively taken, are sufficient to explain the success of the marvelous non-stop flight of Captain Charles Lindbergh from New York City to Paris. There is another cause which is quite generally overlooked. And that is the power of prayer. When the country, and for that matter the world, read of the daring youth's take-off at Miller Field, everyone became absorbingly interested in the success of his flight. Men and women whose days are passed in the busy marts of commerce, or at the work bench, or in the fields, felt themselves lifted out of their ordinary sphere and carried along with the speeding plane. But there was more than interest. There was prayer.

Millions turned to Him Who "feeds the birds of the air" and Who "watches the sparrow's fall," and besought Him to keep aloft on angel's wings the young Lochinvar out of the West. People were surprised when telling of their secret prayers to God that their neighbor had likewise asked for Heaven's benediction on Charlie. Priests made special mementos for his safety in the Christian sacrifice. And each thought that he alone was Lindbergh's Moses, lifting up pure hands before the throne of grace. Yet, as in the case of the laity, every priest throughout the country seemed to be of the same mind. As one writer in a fine article in the New York Telegram expressed it: "he [Lindbergh] has been surrounded by the benedictions of the

seven millions [in the City of New York]. They have held up his wings; they have given power to his engine; they have enheartened his weary body; they have kept awake his heavy eyes—if benedictions have any potency. From the street corners, the subways, the offices, and the homes, they have lifted themselves eastward to the boy in the flying machine—heartfelt prayers on the wings of a universal love. The hearts of the city never had known such unity as in this love of the gallant lad."

We can confidently say that He Whose hands upholds one "even unto the uttermost parts of the sea" looked kindly upon our Lindbergh, and by His almighty arm lifted him out of every danger and directed him to his journey's end—to make him the world's hero.

How fitting it would have been for such divine protection in answer to so many prayers for the fortunate flyer to have uttered some word of thanksgiving and gratitude to Him Who watches over all, both great and small. It was the one great omission which prevents his stupendous achievement from being the success it ought to be. Such an uplifting of his heart to God would have crowned his flight with a Christian diadem of glory.

### *Rather Late Arrivals!*

**T**HERE IS only one thing we regret about the ancestors of Captain Charles Lindbergh: they were late in coming to this country. They should have taken shipping on the May Flower. There must have been room for them on that ship which the ancestral pride of many of our patriots has proved to be as large as the Leviathan of today. At least that large.

It may be that in the case of his maternal ancestors—the Kissanes—they were refused passage. They could hardly be considered (from the name) worthy company for the crusading Pilgrims who were bent on renewing the face of a New World; a face, however, that showed character from the labors of Catholic missionaries, and beauty from the blood of Catholic martyrs long before the timbers of the May Flower left their native woods.

But, perhaps, the Kissanes did not want to come with the Pilgrims, for the reason that they believed that the spiritual cosmetics with which travelers on the May Flower were going to renew the face of the New World, would in time bring about the ghastly features of Divorce, Race Suicide and K. K. K.-ism.



# Maria Sarto

## *An Interview with the Sister of a Pope*

**A** REQUEST came to us from afar for a relic of the holy pontiff, Pope Pius X. A friend who was grievously sick had faith that, where human science fell short, the prayers of the Saints might avail for succor. One could not turn a deaf ear to such a plea. But where and how obtain the relic? Personally we had not the smallest idea how to go about it. For canonized Saints you apply to the Vicariate—that we knew; but for the uncanonized—then what? A Religious, who might help us, could only offer a suggestion. “Why,” she queried, “do you not go and ask his sister for one?”

The hint was valuable, but we were staggered at the idea of going to call upon a lady we did not know, and a Pope's sister at that, simply to ask for relics. We answered that we feared she might think us impertinent. “Not at all,” the good Mother replied with that peculiar imperviousness one sometimes observes in holy nuns. “She will not mind in the least; she receives everybody.” We thought it over. Signora Sarto

might not mind. It would be a great privilege to meet the sister of Pio Decimo, whom we venerate with our whole soul, and we should be sure of obtaining a genuine relic.

Thus fortified in spirit, we set forth to find the sister of Pius X. We did not even know just where she lived, save in a vague way that it was on the Piazza Rusticucci, which is almost the same as living on the square of S. Peter's, of which Rusticucci forms a part. We entered a

shop to inquire where she lived, quite certain that no tradesman of that locality would ignore so interesting a thing.

The two unmarried sisters of Pio Decimo occupied the same apartment in the neighborhood of the Vatican for years, and thence they sallied forth every week on a stated day to dine with their august brother

privately at the pontifical table. These meals are said to have been marked by extreme simplicity and by a sort of humble, holy cordiality. The two sisters never presumed—they were too thoroughly modest—and more than once the great Pontiff who had been Giuseppe Sarto openly stated his wish that his family should remain in the lowly state which had ever been theirs. It was represented to him once by influential persons that he might make his sisters Countesses. “What for?” he asked. “They have always got along well without a title; why should they have one now?”



POPE PIUS X [JOSEPH SARTO]

**A** MODEST house was pointed out to us, and we did not find a porter but

only an old woman sitting in the porter's box. “Second floor,” she answered quite without emotion, and as if the person we asked for were not, to her knowledge, the sister of a Pope. A French writer has said that “no man is a hero to his valet,” and perhaps the same might be said of porters also. The thing seemed extraordinarily easy of accomplishment once we had set out to do it.

There were a good many stairs, for in reality the floor is not the second but the third, and they

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ANNA SARTO

were rather dark. On each landing there were several doors, with names upon them, and we were wondering which was the door we sought. At the second floor level we met a little woman carrying a pail and asked of her where the Signora Sarto abode. "Above," she said almost in a whisper. This little woman wore a singular garb of dark grey cotton with a cape of the same material and a white kerchief at the neck—evidently the dress of some sisterhood or institution.

We climbed one flight more and found the door with a brass plate and the name "Sarto" in clear type upon it. It gave one rather a thrill. It was almost as if one were to call upon the great Sarto himself.

THE ONLY act of courage required in the whole adventure was that of pulling the bell, but that did require courage. Then we waited. The door was presently opened by a damsel in the same grey dress with the cape, and it dawned upon us that, out of reverence for the great Sarto, some religious institute must be deputing these voluntary Marthas to care for the solitary sister of Pius X. We inquired if the Signora was at home. She was, so we explained that we did not wish to disturb her, but only that we were

begging for a relic of Pio Decimo for a friend who was seriously ill.

The little woman understood quickly and intelligently. "Yes," she replied with a nod of perceptive sympathy. "Yes." But she would not permit us to wait at the door; she insisted that we must come in while she went and spoke to the Signora. We were ushered into a plainly furnished reception room with glass-doors opening upon it, and then into a more elaborately furnished *salone*. This room was very bright, with the afternoon sunshine streaming into it from the open space of the Piazza di S. Pietro, and, for first impression, flashed crimson upon the retina from the sofa and arm-chairs of dark-red velvet.

A colorful rug in which red and blue predominated was upon the floor, and on the walls old-fashioned family photographs in simple frames. But one object dominated the whole room and made an appeal so powerful that all the rest sank into insignificance. This was an oil-painting, evidently done from life, of Pope Pius X. It hung above the sofa, showing the figure at half-length, and the grey eyes looked, full of earnestness and care, out of the worn face into the sister's little sitting-room. This portrait was a striking revelation of sorrow. It brought home in one glance what the World War had done to this man of whom it is said that he died of sheer grief at the catastrophe he was unable to avert. The sorrow of the world was upon this head, the weeping of the world within this soul.

THE CONFINES of the small room were moved back and this man, with the weight of the universe upon him, and the suffering of all humanity gathered up into his single heart, stood isolated beneath the burden, God alone knowing his agony. What a change in two short years! We had had the privilege of seeing him, of speaking with him, and remembered well the quiet, peaceful face, the face of a saint, but chiefly in its air of profound recollection and in a sort of reflected beauty as if he were looking upon God and as if God were looking upon him. There was no pain upon that face. He entered the audience-hall silently, and moved about among the kneeling people, gentle, kind, serious, as though he were performing some religious rite.

When we held his hand and looked up into the grave countenance, our chief thought was that this was the Vicar of Christ and that he had in his power a something infinitely precious. That we asked—his blessing for our sister, a nun far away. It was as if a ray of sunshine had broken

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suddenly over his face. A smile of extraordinary sweetness, a bending of the head, and his lips said softly *Si*. (Yes.) When he passed out of the hall it was as if a lamp had been carried away, leaving the spot gloomy.

WE FOLLOWED him into the outer hall where a crowd of children were assembled, very young children, boys and girls all garbed in white, and learned that they had made their First Holy Communion that morning, in obedience to his wishes, and had come to ask his blessing upon this happy day. It was a marvellous picture, the swarm of little children, close around him, so close the nearest knelt against him, touching his white robe, and the Pontiff standing in their midst, clad in the same spotless garments of innocence, surrounded by their love, their gratitude, their enthusiasm which made them cling to him as they would to Christ.

In his musical voice, to which the accent of Venice gave a certain marked and wholly personal coloring, he congratulated them on this blessed day of their first union with Jesus, such a happy day for Jesus and for them, and exhorted them to keep on receiving their Divine Guest frequently, every day if possible, since Jesus was so anxious to come to them. He urged them, too, to make the very best preparation that they could: "Would you not do everything in your power to make ready if it were some dear friend coming to you from afar? Thus you must make the very best preparation you can when it is Jesus Who is coming, a friend Who loves you so much and Whom you also love so much. He comes down from Heaven to take His rest in your hearts."

The beautiful group, white as a field of lilies, the echo of the rare and sweet voice, linger among the memories of past years which do not fade. The painted face upon the canvas had almost caused us to forget our errand. What great sorrow it must have been that so wasted the physical life and set that stamp of profound grieving upon the emaciated face! The great heart must have agonized long, silently, poignantly until it broke, and the likeness had been made complete between Christ upon the Cross and His representative on earth.

Somebody was softly entering the room; it was a very venerable woman, of full build, with white hair and a rosy face, and plainly dressed in black. She moved rather slowly, as with difficulty, and advanced toward us carrying a white envelope in her hand. We attempted to kiss this hand, as Italian etiquette requires, but she would



MARIA SARTO

not suffer it. She drew it back so quickly, the act of homage became impossible. We had noted, however, that the middle finger bore a thimble, as if she had been in the midst of sewing (a very plain, worn thimble it was) and this impression was confirmed by the apron she wore, and the scissors hanging at her side.

Courteously she invited us to be seated, and listened to our explanation, smiling a little, and not at all surprised at our request. She appeared quite accustomed to similar demands. To our apology for the intrusion she answered gently: "Anything that concerns *him* could only be a pleasure." And we observed that she continued throughout to say "he" and "him" as Highland women do of the man who is the lord and centre of their hearth and life, without ever mentioning his name.

VERY MODEST figure, this of the surviving sister of a great Pope. Her snowy hair parted and drawn simply back, her cheeks rounded and rosy, her features plain, her eyes candid and blue. These eyes were the sole beauty of the face, physically; the air of dignity, the expression of goodness and kindness would have ennobled a countenance even less favored. But over her hovered

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the unforgettable, august presence of Giuseppe Sarto, so that one stood before her with awe. "She was very glad, too," she said, "to give these relics for the sick. Many persons were asking for them." The North Italy accent was so thick that it was difficult to understand her words, even with some slight knowledge of the dialects. We answered that the veneration for Pio Decimo was most striking in its universality and rapid spread and that it had impressed us very much.

SHE NODDED slightly, like a person who is deeply convinced, even penetrated with certainty, but who has made it a law to her lips to abstain from voicing what is within her soul. To words in praise of him she answered nothing; and it seemed that she was silent through a real humility, and that she feared lest any indiscreet word of hers, perhaps inadvertently repeated, might compromise certain delicate interests very near and dear to her heart.

We spoke of the Pope's tomb, always covered with flowers and lights, and of the stream of human folk, old and young, rich and poor, with so many and such various requests, kneeling there early and late.

"You know about that?"

"I know," she replied simply and briefly.

"Are you able sometimes to visit it yourself?"

"Very rarely. It is rather difficult for me to walk, and at my age one does not get about a great deal."

"But Signora, you have not yet reached that age."

"I am eighty-one years old." (This was a genuine surprise.) "We were all old, and one cannot live forever. We are born to die."

"Last year," we ventured to say, "you suffered another great loss. All Rome was grieving with you."

"Yes," she said, "my sister Anna; first his death, then hers; and now I am quite alone." She had raised her eyes to the portrait of Pio Decimo and we commented on the speaking likeness.

"Yes," she granted, "it is exactly like him."

"Only too thin," we objected.

"You think so too? I always claimed that it made him too thin."

But as we gazed at it, we realized that the artist might have seen him with most truth, for the portrait is a psychological one if ever psychological portrait was painted, and the brooding sorrow, the darkness of the eyes, reveal the agony of the soul which will necessarily waste the flesh.

How much the great Pontiff must have suffered before he surrendered his noble spirit to God! Yet sickness, too, works changes like those. "We only say it because when we saw him . . ."

"Oh! You *did* see him?"

It was the only word that had really interested her. Her emotion was genuine and swift. I was no longer a stranger. I had seen Pio Decimo. I understood. There was a bond between us. I told her of the circumstances, the First Communion children, his tenderness toward them, his simple, holy words to them, and the boundless love of the little ones for their own Pope. She was glad, as we all are when some friendly voice recalls with reverence and affection a word or deed of our holy dead. But I noted again the reserve which kept her from uttering any word of praise. "He deserved all their love," I told her. And she granted the point: "He *did* deserve it."

When we rose to take leave she handed us the envelope with two relics. "They are pieces of his shift," she explained. "I hope the sick friend will get better." We thanked her, and again tried to kiss her hand but with the same rapid gesture she withdrew it. The little maid was in waiting to open the door, and we went out with the sense of something beautiful and sacred having touched us.

Under each of the small photographs of Pius Tenth which we had received, a tiny square of white linen was fastened with red sewing silk, and on the reverse of the picture the strands were fastened with red sealing wax and the impression of a seal containing the initials M. S., Marie Sarto. This fact, combined with the remembrance of the thimble and scissors, suggested the thought that Maria Sarto, in her solitude, may have found a congenial occupation for her active although enfeebled hands, in preparing these little memorials of her holy brother for the many who beg them of her.

IN RECALLING our visit it was not the personality of the gentle woman in black, so retiring and so modest, which stood out most significantly: it was the worn face of Pio Decimo, and the sorrow of his eyes. He was not only the Vicar of Christ on earth: he had been called to share His Passion; and there came to mind a profound and mysterious word of St. Paul of the Cross, who knew whereof he spoke, describing the obscure and recondite sanctification of suffering: "The secret and hidden holiness of the Cross."



# The New Dark Ages

*Wherein the Barbarians May Again Triumph*

CERTAIN critics tell us that we wish to return to the Dark Ages; about which they themselves are entirely in the dark. They are in the dark, not only about what the phrase ought to mean, but even about what they mean by it. At the best it is an abusive term for the Middle Ages; more often it is a jumble of everything and anything from the Stone Age to the Victorian Age.

A man spoke the other day of the mediaeval idea that our own nation must be supported against any other nation; evidently unaware that when Europe was mediaeval it was far less national. Somebody else spoke of the mediaeval notion of a different morality for men and women; the mediaeval morality being one of the few that applied almost equally to both. If they talk thus ignorantly of the Middle Ages, of which even historians are beginning to know something, they naturally know even less about the Dark Ages, of which nobody knows very much.

The Dark Ages, properly understood, were that period during which cultural continuity is almost broken between the fall of Rome and the rise of mediaeval society; the time of the barbarian wars and the first beginnings of feudalism. Naturally these critics know very little about the period; they know so little about it as to say that we want to bring it back.

And yet the strangest thing, in all the strange things they say, is the fact that there is some truth in what they say. In a sense quite different from what they intend, there really is a parallel between our position and that of people in the Dark Ages.

One way of putting it is that both are faced with a possible triumph of the barbarians. As in their time a new and disproportionate military power arose among provincials, so in our case a new and disproportionate money power has arisen among colonials. Then Rome was sometimes weaker than the Transalpine legions; now Europe is sometimes weaker than the Transatlantic banks. The streets of London are altered, if not destroyed, by tribes that may legitimately be called the Vandals; and for the anarchy beyond the Roman Wall we have the anarchy of Wall Street.

But though we might work some such fanciful parallel for the fun of the thing, it would really

By G. K. CHESTERTON

be very unfair to America, which has inherited some Roman traditions more clearly than we; for instance, the tradition of the Republic. A much truer way of stating the parallel is this; that history is here repeating itself, for once in a way, in connection with a certain idea, which can best be described as the idea of Sanctuary.

In the Dark Ages the arts and sciences went into sanctuary. This was true then in a special sense; because they went into the Monastery. Because we praise the only thing that saved anything from the wreck, we are actually accused of praising the wreck. We are charged with desiring the Dark Ages, because we praise the few scattered candles that were lit to dispel the darkness. We are charged with desiring the deluge, because we are grateful to the Ark. But the immediate question here is historical rather than religious; and it is a fact attested by all historians that what culture could be found in that barbarous transition was mostly to be found in the shelter of the monastic institutions.

We may regret or admire the form which that culture took in that shelter; but nobody denies the storm from which it was sheltered. Nobody denies that St. Dunstan was more cultivated than a Danish pirate or that there is more art in Gothic arches than in Gothic raids. And it is in this sense, of science and art going into sanctuary, that there seems to me to be a real parallel between the barbarian anarchy and the progress that we are enjoying just now.

SOME, EVEN of my own moral and religious atmosphere, have asked why I give such importance to Property, which if it be a human appetite may also easily be a human lust. I confess that my chief impulse is not so much to prevent it from being idealistically denounced as to prevent it being cynically defended. I can listen patiently to a Communist repeating for hours at a time that Property is unnecessary, because men must surrender selfish interests to social ideals. I only begin to break the furniture when somebody starts to prove that Property is necessary, because men are all selfish and every man must look after himself.

The case for Property is not that a man must look after himself; but, on the contrary, that a

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normal man has to look after other people, if it be simply a wife and family. It is that this unit should have an economic basis for its social independence. If he were considering only himself, he might be more independent as a vagabond; he might be more secure as a serf. But the point at the moment is that I like Property because it is a noble thing. I can respect the revolutionist who dislikes it because it is an ignoble thing. But I have no truck with the cynic who likes it because it is ignoble.

But I believe that at this historic crisis it has become not only a just, but in a rather special sense, a sacred thing. Real Property will be all the more sacred because it will be rather rare. It will be an island of Christian culture in seas of senseless drifting and mutable social moods. In short, I believe we have reached the time when the family will be called upon to play the part once played by the Monastery. That is to say, there will retire into it not merely the peculiar virtues that are its own, but the crafts and creative habits which once belonged to all sorts of other people.

IN THE old Dark Ages, it was impossible to persuade the feudal chiefs that it was more worth while to grow medicinal herbs in a small garden than to lay waste the province of an empire; that it was better to decorate the corner of a manuscript with gold-leaf than to heap up treasures and wear crowns of gold. These men were men of action; they were hustlers; they were full of vim and pep and snap and zip. In other words, they were deaf and blind and partly mad, and rather like American millionaires. And because they were men of action, and men of the moment, all that they did has vanished from the earth like a vapor; and nothing remains out of all that period but the little pictures and the little gardens made by the pottering little monks.

As nothing would convince one of the old barbarians that a herbal or a missal could be more important than a triumph and a train of slaves, so nothing could convince one of the new barbarians that a game of hide and seek can be more educative than a tennis tournament at Wimbledon, or a local tradition told by an old nurse more historic than an imperial speech at Wembley.

The real national tone will have to remain for a time as a domestic tone. As religion once went into retreat, so patriotism must retire into private life. This does not mean that it will be less powerful; ultimately it may be more powerful, just as the monasteries became enormously

powerful. But it is by retiring into these forts that we can outlast and wear down the invasion; it is by camping upon these islands that we can await the sinking of the flood.

JUST AS in the Dark Ages, the world without was given up to the vainglory of mere rivalry and violence, so in this passing age the world will be given up to vulgarity and gregarious fashions and every sort of futility. It is very like the Flood; and not least in being unstable as water. Noah had a house-boat which seems to have contained many other things besides the obvious household pets. And many wild birds of exotic plumage and many wild beasts of almost fabulous fantasy, many arts counted pagan and sciences counted rationalistic may come to roost or burrow in such stormy seasons in the shelter of the convent or the home.

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### *The Crown of Thorns*

BY PIERCE OGE

They made a crown of thorns, and crushed  
The spikes into the Savior's head,  
They drove them deep, and the blood gushed  
In many streams; but no word He said:  
No cry He cried, only bare all  
Meekly (He was the Lamb of God),  
And from the ruddy coronal  
Copiously did the warm drops fall  
Along the way He trod.

"Hail, king . . . Hail, king . . ." the rabble cried,  
And bowing the knee of mockery,  
Men spat derision at God's side,  
Smote Him and bruised Him callously;  
While ever the Precious Blood dripped down  
From wound of each deep-piercing thorn,  
And the rude Tree upon the Crown  
Leaned weightily as from the town  
Hillward clomb He, forlorn.

Stoop, thorn-crowned Savior, stoop that we  
May strive to ease Thy tortured brow,  
To pluck forth the barbs of agony  
And from Thy shoulders lift the Bough.  
Forgive . . . ! The worldly-evil tryst  
Which we would keep, we will forego—  
For Thy creatures Thou art sacrificed,  
We have done this to Thee, O Christ:  
Let us share now Thy woe.

# Categorica: *As Set Forth in News and Opinions*

Edited by N. M. LAW

## THE INVIOULATE SEAL

Now as ever the lips of the priest may never utter any word told under the sacred seal of the Sacrament of Penance. To God it is, that the penitent confesses in the person of His minister. The Divine Judge never embarrasses the contrite, and His representative must copy the example of his Divine Commissioner. From the N. C. W. C. News Service:

Cologne — Following prolonged arguments over the much mooted questions as to whether a priest may be forced to give testimony which might be construed as a religious confession, the Rev. Father Bergenhausen, testifying at the trial of Dr. Broecker and Frau Oberreuter for the murder of the latter's husband, was dismissed without being urged to reveal the secrets of the confessional box.

Father Bergenhausen protested against the court having confiscated letters from the doctor to him, but without avail.

## THE TREND OF THE TIMES

It now seems to be the proper thing for our leading journals to include in each issue an article or two on the perennial subject of the Catholic Church. To the well-read Catholic some of these articles are amusing, others exasperating. What these writers don't know about the Catholic Church would fill many a foolscap. *Harpers* will not be outdone by any of its contemporaries, so we have the customary article by one Edward S. Martin. The writer shows a knowledge of some of the weird stories circulated against the Church but on the whole the article in question is favorable.

There is now proceeding in these States and in most other countries an unusual effort to discover what is true in the Christian religion and to separate it from detrimental adhesions which have been fastened upon that religion in the last nineteen hundred years. . . . All Protestant sects are filled with disputes: Fundamentalists and Modernists fight with liveliest activity for what they believe to be the essentials of religion. The Catholics are more tranquil. They have held on to essentials better than some of the Protestants have. Their hold on the invisible world is more vivid. They have believed right along a good many things which a good many Protestants have let go, but which are important, and the truth of which promises to be re-established by contemporary proofs.

Of Protestantism a thoughtful and highly competent observer said, "Did it not make two mistakes: one, the denial of the continuance of revelation of

truth, the other, the existence of Purgatory; the latter by insistence that in a future life all who are not damned are at once made perfect? Those beliefs were denied because they had been so greatly abused. Is not that one of the stumbling blocks of Protestantism now? The orthodox Protestant conception of a future life is not in harmony with our experience with life and character here. We must revise it instead of rejecting it." . . .

The Roman Catholic belief in Purgatory with pains and duration to be mitigated by prayers and the offices of the Church is, of course, very subject to corrupting consequences, but at least it recognizes the fact that we go out of this life as we are, and that most of us need a course of treatment more or less extended, and in many cases more or less painful, before we can get to anything that can be recognized as Glory. . . . Their Church has also retained confession, another dangerous institution, but considered nowadays even by its critics to be very valuable in religion. It has retained prayers for the dead and, while attending to temporal matters and benevolence (in this country, at least, with great ability), it has never lost sight of the invisible world or of immortality as the explanation of terrestrial life.

In these concerns the Catholics beat the Protestants and earn the superior tranquility in which their Church has gone along.

## A BOOK AND THE CATHOLIC CRITICS

This is the first time that the despicable book of Sinclair Lewis has been mentioned in the pages of *THE SIGN*. We cannot forbear, however, to quote an admirable paragraph from *The Catholic Transcript* (Hartford) in which a sharp lesson is read to those who are but too anxious to broadcast to the world the supposed iniquities of Roman Catholicism.

It has been noted that Catholic critics have condemned "Elmer Gantry" in language severe enough to satisfy the most exacting champion of the maligned ministers. They refuse to believe that such a book reflects the conduct of Protestant ministers. Any other line of criticism would be unworthy. It would be small and unspeakably mean to recall that Maria Monk was solemnly recommended from many Protestant pulpits and that it is still deemed worthy to engage the attention of those who would know Rome at her worst. It is, however, the note of a small mind to call up such weaknesses even when they are prized and cherished by those whom they afflict. It is enough to suffer from the smallness of antagonists without descending to the same depths ourselves. All religion suffers when any form of religion meets with unworthy and unfair criticism.

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### MEN WANTED TODAY

A writer in *The Catholic News* of New York has summed up in a concise fashion the qualities of the men wanted today. We would amend the caption and say that men of all times should be:

- Men who cannot be bought.
- Men whose word is their bond.
- Men who put character above wealth.
- Men who possess opinions and will voice them.
- Men who will not lose their individuality in a crowd.
- Men who will not think anything profitable that is dishonest.
- Men who will be honest in small things as well as in great things.
- Men who will make no compromise with questionable things.
- Men whose ambitions are not confined to their own selfish desires.
- Men who are willing to sacrifice private interests for the public good.
- Men who are not afraid to take chances; men who are not afraid of failure.
- Men of courage, who are not cowards in any part of their nature.
- Men who are larger than their business! who overtop their vocation.
- Men who will not have one brand of honesty for business purposes and another for private life.
- Men who will be true to their highest ideals in spite of the sneers and laughter of their companions.

### THE GUILLOTINE

Who would imagine that a peaceful medical man would be the first to advocate a machine for decapitation? It's true, says *The New York Times*, and furthermore, a piano maker drew the plan.

A popular song first brought the guillotine to public notice and attached to it for perpetuity the name of a benevolent physician. He was not its inventor, but had before the Revolution advocated a machine for execution in place of the axe or sword. Dr. Joseph Ignace Guillotin himself narrowly escaped its blade in the mad days of the Terror. Only a general jail release as the fury waned saved him from becoming a victim of "the widow," which had taken its toll of such figures as the King and Queen of France, Charlotte Corday, Danton and Robespierre.

It is likely that the guillotine would never have sprung into the prominence it later received, had it not proved in a time of revolt to be a quick method of disposing of executions en masse. Elected as one of the representatives of Paris in the National Assembly, Dr. Guillotin suggested to that body that, under the new penal code, criminals should be executed by decapitation by a machine. It was the period of party faction and high feeling. A Royalist journal, *Les Actes des Apôtres*, promptly came out with a satirical song, the last line of which ran: "They will call it the guillotine."

Guillotin talked with Sanson, the official executioner, about the proposed reform in the method of decapitation. In private life Sanson seems to have been a jovial enough fellow, addicted to the violin, and to duets with a friend, Tobias Schmidt, a piano-forte maker of Strasbourg. Schmidt, according to Sanson's grandson, drew up a plan for a decapitating machine and offered it to Dr. Antone Louis, Secretary of the College of Surgeons, who directed its construction. For a time the guillotine was known as "the Louisette." But in the end the old appellation stuck. Thus the guillotine was proposed by a physician and designed by a manufacturer of pianos.

### FOOD HINTS

So much is written nowadays about what to eat and what not to eat that, we fear, many readers are wearied *ad nauseam*. Not being guilty heretofore, we crave the indulgence of our readers for submitting these few hints from *G. K.'s Weekly*.

How shall we feed the growing child  
To make him good and great?  
For too much protein makes him mild  
and most effeminate.  
Whilst too much carbo-hydrate food  
Will make him quarrelsome—and rude.  
Ye fathers, watch the stripling's lunch;  
Keep butter off his bread;  
For otherwise he'll go and punch  
Some inoffensive head.  
Whereas excess of butcher's meat  
Will render him too sickly sweet.  
I sympathize with your distress,  
Fond parents, for you see  
Good beef will cause faint-heartedness,  
And bread, pugnacity.  
Better do as the Spartans did—  
Be warned in time—and starve the kid.

—L. J. R. W.

### ANOTHER SECT

When will our friends, who preach the Bible and the Bible alone theory, with the right of private interpretation, realize the inconsistency of the doctrine? Surely we have proof enough of its insufficiency. Here is one more argument of its futility from *Windle's Liberal*.

The escapades and antics of Aimee McPherson caused a split in her church and we now have a new sect.

"The new church we are founding today," G. N. Nichols, the leader, told the insurgent congregation, "must ever remain unsullied, and we will never permit it to be touched by scandal or innuendo, nor will we ever center our activities around one personality."

"We have only the kindest feeling for Sister McPherson and Mrs. Kennedy, and all connected with the temple, but if they will read again the declaration of faith on which the church of the four



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square gospel was founded, and adhere to it, they will strip themselves of their worldly ornamentation, and put on the sackcloth and ashes of real repentance."

Under the Protestant theory of Biblical interpretation there is no limit to the number of sects that may be born.

Under the Catholic theory the Church, speaking through the Pope and its Councils, interpret the Bible for its people, who accept the decision without question.

This maintains and promotes unity. . . .

We now have more than a hundred Protestant sects and double that number in the making.

The philosophy of Protestantism invites discord and makes unity impossible.

### THE FLIERS AND THE HUNDRED PERCENTERS

The Klan and others who delight to rant of the hyphenated American, found little consolation in the wonderful feat of the transatlantic fliers. We permit *The New York American* to develop the theme:

Are we a melting pot? Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh, son of a Swedish immigrant, . . . flew across the Atlantic to France in a monoplane built by an Irishman, B. F. Mahoney, of the Ryan Air Lines, Inc., of San Diego.

Colonel Lindbergh is classed in our census as of Swedish origin, "with one or more foreign-born parents," along with 824,725 other Americans having similar Swedish parentage. In addition, there are 632,656 of our population actually born in Sweden like Colonel Lindbergh's father. Plenty of Lindbergh's stock still here with us, which is something to be happy about.

The French at the end of Lindbergh's flight received him with acclamation. Well they might, for he established a new means of swift communication between them and 124,727 French-born men and women in our country, as well as 208,951 more who were of French-born parentage. As for the Irish plane builder, we are generously supplied with his stock. We have 1,164,707 of them who were born in the old country, and 2,971,668 additional citizens with one or more Irish-born parents.

Again the melting pot stirs, and this time Clarence D. Chamberlin, with an old Yankee name, but an English-born mother, takes the air with Charles A. Levine, a Jew, whose father was born in Poland.

Lots of their sort, too. There are 1,483,024 like Chamberlin with English-born parents, and 824,088 others among us who were themselves born in England. We had no Polish classification in the last census, but Levine's father is said to have come from the former Russian province of Poland. We have in our midst 2,020,646 Russian born and 1,850,463 of Russian-born parentage. . . .

All of us except the American Indian are from the melting pot. Its more recent ingredients supplied the stuff for most of the American actors and spectators in these two dramatic flights.

And Mayor Walker, at that stupendous ovation accorded Col. Lindbergh in New York City, declared:

"Col. Lindbergh, on this very platform are the Diplomatic Corps, the diplomatic representatives of all the countries of the civilized world, but before you and around you are the peoples themselves, of all the countries of the civilized world, foregathered in this city, the greatest cosmopolitan institution in all the world, are the peoples who have come here from the forty-eight States of the Union, and from every country of the civilized world, and here today as Chief Magistrate of this city, the world city, the gateway to America, the gateway through which peoples from the world have come in the search for liberty and freedom—and have found it—here today let it be written and let it be observed that the Chief Magistrate of this great city, the son of an immigrant, is here to welcome as the world's greatest hero, another son of an immigrant. (Great applause.)

### CATHOLICS DO NOT BELIEVE

So much is written these days (and much of it fairy lore) of what the Catholic Church teaches and what her members believe, that we are glad to quote Monsignor Breslin's neat summary of what Catholics do not believe. We clip it from *The Parish Monthly* of Our Lady of Mercy Church of the Bronx.

#### Catholics Do Not Believe

That the Pope is God.  
That the Pope can do no wrong.  
That the Pope has temporal rights in America.  
That the Pope can claim their political allegiance.  
That the Pope can nullify laws, oaths or contracts at will.

#### They Do Not Believe

That the marriage of Protestants are invalid.  
That married Protestants are living in sin.  
That the children of Protestants are illegitimate.  
That contracts with Protestants may be broken.  
That Protestants may be hated or persecuted.  
That Protestants will all be damned.

#### They Do Not Believe

That public schools are an evil.  
That they ought to be abolished or destroyed.  
That they ought not to be supported by taxes.  
That education ought not to be universal and free.  
That it ought not to be compulsory where necessary.

#### They Do Not Believe

That they can buy forgiveness of sin.  
That they can purchase freedom from Purgatory.  
That sin can be forgiven without repentance.

#### They Do Not Believe

That images may be worshipped.  
That anybody or thing may be worshipped or adored "in the heavens above, or the earth below, or the waters beneath the earth" but the one true God.

# Archconfraternity Comment

(Intention of the Archconfraternity of the Sacred Passion for July, 1927)

THE INTENTION of the Archconfraternity for this month is "The Church in China." China is at present in the seething crucible of civil war. How soon she will cool and solidify into some fixed form we do not know, but we must realize that, before she does take some definite shape, we must pour into that Chinese solution as much Christianity as we possibly can. After China will have assumed a condition of permanency, we shall find it quite impossible to inject our Christianity, just as it has become, seemingly at least, too late to do big things with Japan in her modern state.

Our missionaries were last to leave the interior of China. They are still in that unhappy country, awaiting an opportunity to return to their poor people in Hunan. Meanwhile, they continue to work with the Chinese about them; and when the Celestial Kingdom shall have "cooled down", the Passionist missionaries and their people will be found, please God, to be a very real part of the New China.

## THE LAY APOSTOLATE

We have seen that the Christian world today is divided into two great camps,—non-Catholics and Catholics. Non-Catholic Christianity is founded on the religious principle of "private judgment." It frees its followers "from dictation in creed, or conduct, by priest or prophet." It tells every man to open his own Bible, to read and interpret for himself. Non-Catholic Christianity may be summed up as a religion that teaches every man to be "good in his own way."

Catholic Christianity is founded on the religious principle that we must be good, not in our own way, but in God's way. It tells us that we cannot be free from dictation by priest or prophet, for God has always taught and will always teach, as He promised, through His own chosen and accredited priestly representatives.

Non-Catholic Christianity, as we have proven, is founded on a principle that is un-Christian in its origin, in its nature and in its effects, that is opposed to reason, scripture and the experience of mankind. It is leading its one hundred million followers in this country, as a body, and despite all their good intentions, further and further from the old Faith of their Fathers—back to paganism.

What are we Catholics to do about it?

Can we say that we love our Faith or love these souls, if we do nothing? Why not join us in trying to bring back some of the millions about us to the Faith of their Fathers and to Him Who lives upon our altars?

We have taken for the slogan of this lay apostolate work, "Zeal according to knowledge." And we have seen that we must know, as a preparation for our work, and be able to prove that:

1. God wants us to be good in His way.

2. God teaches us His way through the Catholic Church, because the Catholic Church alone comes down from the Son of God Himself; is ruled by the lawful successors of His apostles, and teaches the same things the apostles taught.

3. God not only teaches through the Catholic Church, but even lives with her upon her altars.

If the Catholic Church be not the Church of Jesus Christ; if 1,500 years were required for men to learn that Christ was not teaching through the successors of the apostles, that He was not living in the Blessed Sacrament, and that for 1,500 years *all Christians had been worshipping and following a mere piece of bread*, then, since the beginning, Christianity has been the most farcical and idolatrous hoax ever known to mankind; and the only thing to do with it is to give it up entirely.

But, if Christianity, since the beginning, has not been a farce, if Christ has kept His promise to teach through His Church and to live with her, then, *why not come back to Him?*

We often hear it said that Christianity has failed. It has not. Christianity, the Christianity of old, the Faith of our Fathers, stands today stronger than ever, with four hundred millions of souls of every tribe and tongue, united as one immense family.

But those who have broken away from that family have failed, as a body. In giving up the serving of our Lord in His way, and in following their own way, they have given up the light of Faith for the darkness of religious confusion. They have given up their Lord Himself living among us in the Sacrament of His love.

Now, with the foregoing ideas firmly fixed in our minds, convinced that we have the right idea in being good in God's way, and that He teaches

(Continued on page 722)

# Pro Ecclesia et Pontifice

*A Fitting Epitaph for the late Father Felix Ward, C. P.*

**P**RO ECCLESIA ET PONTIFICE (For Church and Pope) is the designation of a gold medal conferred, October 4, 1926, by His Holiness Pope Pius XI on the late Father Felix Ward in recognition of his loyalty to the Holy See and his distinguished service to the cause of the Church. An honor such as this is rarely given to a member of a Religious Order; and when it is given it marks the recipient as one who has effectually and in unusual fashion accomplished a purpose to which he has dedicated his talents and life.

Father Felix, the son of William Ward and Jane Mulcahy, was born in Rathkeale, Co. Limerick, Ireland, on April 4, 1854. He came to this country as a mere boy, and entered the Passionist Order at Pittsburgh, Pa., on October 31, 1871, and was ordained to the priesthood on September 8, 1878. His exceptional spiritual and intellectual gifts induced his superiors, immediately after his ordination, to impose upon him the responsible task of directing the educational and vocational courses of the junior members in different communities of the province.

Still under thirty years of age, he was elected to the rectorship of the Passionist Monastery at St. Louis, Mo. In later years he exercised the same office in Louisville, Ky., Baltimore, Md., and Dunkirk, N. Y. In 1904 he succeeded the Very Rev. Stephen Kealy, C.P., as Provincial of the Passionist Fathers in the United States.

To those who knew him, the outstanding characteristic of Father Felix's life was his priestliness. His exalted idea of the sanctity of the

priesthood, his jealous concern for the fair name of all priests, his reverential regard for bishops as having the fulness of Christ's priesthood, his constantly repeated expressions of admiration for the priestly ideals of the founders of his Order in this country, his generous praise of both secular and regular clergy in their efforts to upbuild the Church of God in America, his words of encouragement

that spurred his own brethren on in their broad and long mission of exalting the Cross of Christ—all this was typical of a man of whom it could be justly said that his individual character seemed to have been absorbed in his sacerdotal soul.

His habitual tendency was to see good in others, and to extenuate as far as he could the evil which it was not possible to deny. He was scrupulously careful of the feelings of others, so much so that he exemplified in himself Cardinal Newman's definition of a gentleman—"one who never gives pain." No one could know him without being conscious of the fact that kindness and courtesy were a fixed habit of his thought; just as

such a one could not but be impressed with the shining whiteness of his personal purity.

**H**IS APOSTOLIC ministry was largely confined to the giving of retreats to religious communities and the diocesan clergy. And those who had the privilege of making his retreats bear ample witness, not alone to the scholarly and fervent presentation of his preachments, but also to his own convinced conception of the divine dignity of the religious and clerical vocations.



THE REVEREND FELIX WARD, C.P.

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As an author he contributed many splendid articles to the papers and magazines, and also edited a fresh translation from the Italian of Fra Di Bergamo's *Thoughts and Affections on the Sacred Passion*. But his chief literary work was *The Passionists: Sketches Historical and Personal*, published in 1923. He was indefatigable in assembling its material and in verifying and authenticating his facts. The book was written in his latter years when a complication of physical ailments made its composition all the harder. It was a labor of love, and testifies to his whole-hearted and uninterrupted devotion to his Order throughout the fifty years and more of his Passionist life.

ON THE occasion of receiving his papal decoration, Father Felix thus addressed Pope Pius XI:

"Holy Father:

"I offer You my love, my homage, my life, for the Church. Most cordially I thank Your Holiness for the cross, *Pro Ecclesia et Pontifice*, for Your gracious notice of *The Passionists*, for Your approval of the book and Your blessing on the author.

"For You to notice me, the least of your children, and to commend my humble work for the Church, the Holy See, and the Congregation of the Passion, fills my heart with love for Your Holiness. It is a personal tie that binds me to Your august person forever and makes it a joy to remember Your Holiness every day in the Holy Mass, not only as enjoined by the sacred liturgy, but by a special personal affection for a dear and loving father. I am bound to Your Holiness by a strong bond of filial love and deepest gratitude. It is a great joy for me to say the prayer, *Pro Papa* [For the Pope] in the Mass, and, if it be not presumption, I ask the privilege of saying it every day.

"Holy Father, I have written of Your great love for America and Your claim to the affection and gratitude of all our people. In no land have You more loyal and loving children, and none more devoted to the Vicar of Christ than the Sons of the Passion in America. I ask a special blessing for them, for my own family, for all my friends, especially for the sick, as they have requested. Our Lord will grant what His Vicar asks for them.

"The Golden Jubilee of my ordination is at hand and, kneeling now at Your feet, I ask Your blessing on the occasion and for all who may be present at it. My Mass on that golden day will

be offered in gratitude to God and in behalf of Your Holiness."

Last summer Father Felix went to Europe for a much needed rest. While there he contracted the illness from which he died. Immediately on his return to this country, he was taken to St. Mary's Hospital, Hoboken, N. J., where he died three days later on June 5. May he rest in peace!

## Archconfraternity Comment

(Continued from page 720)

this way through the Catholic Church, we are ready to begin the real work of the lay apostolate, trying to win those outside to the Faith.

The work will consist of three steps, and we shall explain these steps next month.

### ANSWERS TO SOME OBJECTIONS FROM OUR READERS.

1. *I would like to be a lay apostle, but I fear that I would do more harm than good.*

Answer. Not if you work intelligently according to the plan we shall arrange for you.

2. *I feel that I would be intruding in the most sacred of all matters, religious belief.*

Answer. We do not want you to intrude. We want you to work with those who are ready to meet you half way. You would be surprised to know how many there are. As Father Conway, C.S.P., remarks, "There are multitudes in every large city in America simply awaiting our invitation to come into the Church".

3. *This is no work for a layman.*

Answer. Indeed, it is. Our Divine Lord did not intend to have only His priests work for Him. In fact, He wants laymen especially in this movement today, because lay Catholics come into daily contact with thousands who would never think of talking to a priest, but who will speak to them about religion. In England a lay apostolate is preaching on the streets with wonderful success. In China we see lay catechists converting thousands of their fellow Chinese. And as Father Walsh of the Denver Cathedral remarks of American converts, "Nearly all are brought to us by the Catholic laity. We can do the instructing: but the task of first interesting an outsider in the Church usually rests with the laity."

*American Catholics are second to none in their generosity for the foreign missions. Why should they be second in working directly for souls at home?*



THE SIGN POST is in a special sense our Readers' very own. In it we shall answer as clearly as possible any question relating to Catholic belief and practice, and publish all communications of more or less general interest. Please make your communications brief. The more questions, the better! As evidence of good faith, sign your name and address.

# THE SIGNPOST

QUESTIONS  
AND  
COMMUNICATIONS

No anonymous communications will be considered. Writers' names will not be printed, unless with their consent. Don't hesitate to send in your questions and comments. What interests you will very likely interest others, and will make this department more instructive and attractive. Please address: THE SIGN, UNION CITY, NEW JERSEY

## BLOOD RELATIONSHIP

*Will you please help me with this difficulty. My father's father and my friend's father's father were brothers. My father and his father are first cousins. Now what relation is my friend to me?—N. N., DORCHESTER, MASS.*

You are second cousins, or, canonically speaking, in the third degree of the collateral line of blood relationship. In order for second cousins to marry it is necessary to obtain a dispensation, for it is a forbidden degree.

## COVERED HEADS

*Is it compulsory for the female sex to have their heads covered while in church? If so, why?—C. M., BROOKLYN, N. Y.*

Compulsory is a strong word. A female would hardly be ejected from the church because she had not her head covered. That women should have their heads covered in church is an injunction of St. Paul: "Every woman praying or prophesying with her head not covered disgraceth her head . . . therefore ought the woman to have a power [veil, or covering] over her head, because of the angels . . . You yourselves judge; doth it become a woman to pray unto God uncovered?" (1 Cor. II 5-11.)

## BURNING HOST

*When a Catholic Church burns down and the Blessed Sacrament is burned, does Our Lord suffer?—D. M., YONKERS, N. Y.*

No.

## GUIDANCE IN MARRIAGE

*What saint should I pray to in order to obtain guidance as to marriage. I mean in relation to a spouse.—N. N., PITTSBURG, PA.*

Pray to St. Joseph, who is considered the patron of happy marriages.

## HEARING MASS

*If one is in church and three or four Masses are being celebrated simultaneously, but not having begun at the same time, ought one to concentrate on one Mass, or try to assist at all?—K. H., MILWAUKEE, WIS.*

Make the intention to hear them all, but concentrate on one.

## MARRIAGE QUERIES

(1) *If a Catholic wants to marry a Protestant Mason must she let the pastor know that he is a Mason in order to get a dispensation?—M. H., NEW YORK, N. Y.*

(2) *Can a Catholic girl marry a man who made his first communion and was confirmed but who did not practice his religion, joining the Masons, and who is willing to abide by the marriage laws of the Church, but who will not practice the Catholic religion?—S. E. D., NEW YORK, N. Y.*

It is possible to arrange for the celebration of both marriages, but the pastor must be informed of the actual conditions. The decision remains with the bishop of the diocese.

## MORAL PRINCIPLES

(1) *Why is it that when there is question of the life of the mother or the child at childbirth the Catholic doctor saves the child and lets the mother die. (2) If a murderer should confess his guilt to a priest and an innocent man is found guilty and sentenced to die or life imprisonment, must the priest keep silence and the innocent serve the penalty?—A. J. B., NEW YORK, N. Y.*

(1) Every conscientious doctor tries to save both lives. But when the mother's life cannot be saved except through the direct killing of the child, the mother is permitted to die and the child to live.

(2) Under no circumstances whatever is the priest ever permitted to reveal what has been told him in the sacrament of confession. This is demanded by the sanctity of the sacrament and the common good.

## MASONS AND CATHOLIC BURIAL

(1) *Can a man, known to have been a member of the Freemasons, receive the last sacraments and have a solemn requiem Mass and be buried in a Catholic cemetery? (2) Can a man who goes to the services of the Christian Science Church and promulgates their doctrine receive the sacraments? (3) Is it necessary to mention this matter in confession, or may it be omitted in confession without sin?—DOUBTFUL, NEW YORK, N. Y.*

(1) Yes, provided he repented of his sins and renounced connection with Masonry. The Church wishes to save souls. Only those are refused Catholic burial who refuse to repent of their sins and to be reconciled with the Church. (2 & 3) Such a

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person is certainly not disposed to receive the sacraments, and his actions are contrary to Catholic Faith. There is a grave obligation to mention these actions in confession if he wishes to be absolved.

### VOCATION TO SISTERHOOD

(1) *Please tell me what orders of sisters are working on the Chinese missions.* (2) *Kindly recommend a book suitable to read regarding my vocation.*—H. C., CINCINNATI, O.

(1) There are many societies of religious women laboring on the Chinese mission. It is difficult to enumerate them all. The following are a few of them: Sisters of Charity, Convent Station, N. J., Sisters of Divine Providence, Sisters of St. Joseph, Baden, Pa., Sisters of Maryknoll, New York. (2) *Girlhood's Highest Ideal* by Rev. Winifred Herbst, S.D.S., Salvatorian Fathers, St. Nazianz, Wis., and *What Shall I be?* by Rev. Fr. Cassilly, S.J., and *Shall I Be a Nun?* by Rev. Daniel Lord, America Press, New York, N. Y.

(2) The proper course to follow in regard to direction in the matter of a doubtful vocation is to seek the advice of a prudent and charitable confessor or director. He will help you to decide your vocation and will recommend the particular society which you ought to join.

### FOUR UNRELATED QUESTIONS

(1) *Does a lady kneel on both knees when kissing a bishop's ring? Does he always wear his ring? Supposing one worked in an office where the bishop was likely to visit, would one kneel and kiss his ring?* (2) *What are the necessary requirements which a man must have in order to become a bishop?* (3) *Please explain Gregorian Masses.* (4) *In the Archconfraternity of the Passion booklet the beads of the Five Wounds are said by reciting the Gloria Patri five times for each wound. In a leaflet I received the other day I read that an offering of Our Lord's Wounds is made, and that an ordinary rosary may be used in case one has not got the Five Wounds beads.*—M. C. T., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

(1) It is customary to genuflect on one's knee and to kiss his ring when the bishop is greeted in the church or in some private place. There is an indulgence of fifty days attached to this act. Bishops wear their ring habitually. In case the atmosphere of the office is not Catholic, the proper thing would be simply to shake hands when greeting the bishop. (2) He must be of legitimate birth; at least thirty years of age; in the priesthood at least five years; characterized by piety, zeal for souls, prudence, and endowed with all the other qualities which are called for in the government of a diocese; a doctor of theology or of canon law, or, at least, learned in these sciences. (3) Masses offered up on thirty consecutive days for the soul of a deceased person are usually called Gregorian Masses. The origin of this practice is found in the example of St. Gregory the Great who, after the death of one of his monks, ordered thirty Masses to be said for his soul. After the celebration of the thirtieth Mass the departed Religious appeared to some of his brethren

and told them that he was now in heaven. Tradition also has it that St. Gregory asked of God that a plenary indulgence be granted to the soul for whom thirty Masses would be offered, and that God heard his prayer. The Church does *not* attribute extraordinary efficacy to the celebration of Gregorian Masses, but approves the pious and reasonable confidence which the faithful have in these Masses that, through the mercy of God, the soul for whom they are offered will be liberated from Purgatory. (4) The directions which you found in the Archconfraternity of the Passion booklet are for the Five Wounds beads which the Passionist Fathers have the faculty to indulge. The leaflet may have referred to some other Five Wounds beads, such as the beads blessed by the Vincentian Fathers, or the manner of showing devotion to the Five Wounds which our Lord revealed to Sister Maria Martha Chambon, and which can be said on an ordinary rosary.

### CHAPLET OF MERCY

*Will you kindly publish the prayers inscribed on the inclosed leaflet? I have received a very great favor through them, and I think that others may also.* E. W.

"The Rosary of the Holy Wounds of our Lord Jesus Christ, or the Chaplet of Mercy" may be said on the rosary beads. On the large beads: Eternal Father I offer Thee the wounds of Our Lord Jesus Christ, to heal the wounds of our souls. (300 days each time.) On the small beads: My Jesus, pardon and mercy, through the merits of Thy Holy Wounds. (300 days each time.)

These invocations were taught by our Lord to Sister M. Martha Chambon, deceased, in the Visitation of Chambrey, France, March 21, 1907. The Sister received from our Lord a double "mission"—constantly to invoke the Holy Wounds herself, and to revive this devotion in the world.

#### PROMISES OF OUR LORD TO SR. MARY MARTHA.

1. I will grant all that is asked of Me by the invocation of my Holy Wounds. You must spread this devotion. 2. With My Wounds and My Divine Heart you can obtain everything. 3. The sinner who will say: Eternal Father, I offer Thee the Wounds of our Lord Jesus Christ, etc., will obtain conversion. 4. The Holy Wounds are the treasure of treasures for the souls in Purgatory. 5. The Chaplet of Mercy is a counterpoise to My Justice, it restrains My vengeance. 6. At each word that you pronounce of the Chaplet of Mercy I allow a drop of My Blood to fall upon the soul of a sinner.

—From the brochure, *Sr. M. Martha Chambon and the Holy Wounds of Our Lord.*

### PSYCHO-ANALYSIS AND SINN FEINERS

(1) *What is the Church's attitude towards psycho-analysis?* (2) *Are Sinn Feiners excommunicated ipso facto?*—H. R., NEW YORK.

(1) So far as I know there is no official pronouncement of the Church on psycho-analysis. The Church recognizes and approves every legitimate

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science and encourages its advance if it will bring benefits to individuals and society. Psycho-analysis means etymologically—a searching or analysis of the soul. It is the purpose of the psycho-analyst to study motives of action, compose fears, arouse ambition, and so on. As long as this is done for a good end and in an honest manner, together with the consent of the patient, there is nothing wrong in its practice. But it seems quite certain that psycho-analysis is largely dominated by men imbued with the principles of Freud. This man is reputed the discoverer of psycho-analysis. His disciples in many cases do not observe the conditions given above. Moreover, their viewpoint seems to be distorted. They are always looking for "sex" manifestations, as though "sex" were the one predominating characteristic of the life of normal people. Starting with this principle it is easy to see how dangerous the practice of psycho-analysis of this kind can become. It has been well said that psycho-analysis of this type is "confession without absolution." The best psycho-analysis is that of the confessional. There the soul is analyzed by an expert with all the safeguards of a sacrament—and "with absolution." (2) I suppose you mean Sinn Feiners. Not as far as I know. The Fenians were classed with forbidden societies.

### CONFESSIONAL DIFFICULTIES

(1) *I have arrived at that period of life when it is quite easy to avoid sin. In order to have sufficient matter for absolution I mention a sin of my past life. But I am getting tired of telling that same old sin. It is making my confessions mechanical. Is there any way to get around this condition?*—H. B. G., CHICAGO, ILL.

(2) *I am worried about my past sins. I confessed them all as best I could and was truly sorry for them, but often I wonder if I have forgotten any through my own fault.*—H. M., BOSTON, MASS.

(3) *When are thoughts against purity sinful? Is it a sin to talk or think about childbirth, sexual diseases, or sinful happenings, if you don't do it with pleasure?* (4) *I am a frequent communicant. I worry often as to whether I am worthy to go to communion because I may have thought of something wrong since my confession.*—E. R., CINCINNATI, O.

(1) You are certainly to be envied that you find it so easy to keep out of sin. I hope that this facility is the result of constant warfare on evil tendencies, rather than the period of old age, and that solid virtue is constantly being practiced. There is a danger of making confessions mechanically on the part of those who confess at frequent intervals because spiritual duties are not immune from the deadening influence of routine. The remedy is to have a lively, constant, and active faith, especially when you are about to receive the sacraments. You ought to revive your faith in their divine character and the wonderful effects which they produce. In regard to confession in particular the thought of what it cost Our Redeemer to win pardon for us—the shedding of His Precious Blood—ought to make

us realize the immense charity which He has for us in granting us pardon on such easy terms. There is no obligation to mention always the same sin. Nearly everyone will have sufficient *free* matter for which he can be sincerely sorry. The important thing for devout souls is, in case there are no serious sins to be confessed, to mention only those sins for which they are truly sorry.

(2) When a person is habitually careful to examine his conscience and confesses his sins sincerely he has no reason to worry about the validity of past confessions. God does not demand impossibilities of us. When sins are forgotten it is usually presumed to be the result of inculpable forgetfulness, unless one knows for certain that they were deliberately withheld. The examination of conscience should be made in a sincere manner. That amount of care must be exercised which men are accustomed to use in affairs of serious importance. Sins forgotten in good faith are indirectly remitted. They must be mentioned in the next confession as having been forgotten.

(3) Thoughts are sinful when what is thought of or pictured in the imagination is recognized as wrong, and the will deliberately entertains a feeling of pleasure in them. This holds for all kinds of thoughts, for those against charity towards our neighbor as well as those which are concerned with purity. Thoughts and imaginations which concern chastity or sex are sinful when there is no sufficient reason for thinking on them and the will realizes this, yet takes pleasure in or dwells with complacency on them. They are forbidden because impure external acts are forbidden. In this matter the principle holds good: "Stop the beginnings."<sup>1</sup> It is not sinful to think and talk of such things when it is done with a good intention and proper discretion and moderation.

(4) Nobody is worthy to receive Holy Communion if it were a question of intrinsic worthiness. A reading of Chapters 5-10, Book IV, of *The Imitation of Christ* will help you. The sacraments, especially Holy Communion, were instituted by our Lord to make weak and even sinful mortals better, and to bring them nearer to Himself. Scrupulous persons must obey their confessor strictly in this matter of approaching Holy Communion.

### SECOND MARRIAGES

(1) *Does the Church forbid second marriages? May people be married again even though they have passed the childbearing age?*—N. B., BISMARCK, N. D.

(2) *May a widow, who is about to marry, wear white and be married at a nuptial mass?*—M. H., DORCHESTER, MASS.

(1) The Church does not forbid second and further marriages. There were heretics in the fourth century, called Montanists and Novatians, who taught that second marriages were unlawful. But their teaching was condemned by the Council of Nice (325 A. D.) The Church, following the advice of St. Paul, (1 Cor. 7: 8-10), teaches that a chaste widowhood is more honorable than a second



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marriage, but she does not forbid once married parties from marrying again. This holds good even though the parties have passed the childbearing age. (2) There is no legislation of the Church regarding the costume of brides. Custom will dictate what should be worn. Women who have once received the solemn nuptial blessing cannot receive it a second time. Since this solemn nuptial blessing is not separated from the Mass, one who has already received the nuptial blessing cannot be married a second time at a strictly so-called nuptial Mass. But if you did not receive the blessing at your first marriage, you can receive it at your second marriage and at a nuptial Mass. Otherwise, you can receive only a lesser blessing.

### MARRIAGE QUERIES

(1) *Two unbaptized Protestants were married, then later divorced about twenty years ago. Can a Catholic woman marry the man if he becomes a Catholic?*—E. A., CHICAGO, ILL.

(2) *Can a Jew who is legally divorced from his wife, a Methodist, be married to a Catholic girl by a priest?*—J. R., NEW YORK, N. Y.

(1) Provided both parties were unbaptized at the time of their marriage it is possible to invoke the Pauline Privilege. The conditions for the use of the Pauline Privilege demand first, that the marriage took place between two unbaptized parties; second, that one of the parties receives baptism; third, that the unbaptized party, after interrogation, refuses to become converted to the Christian faith, or to live in peace with the baptized spouse. It belongs to the bishop of the diocese to judge whether or not the Pauline Privilege can be applied. See your pastor.

(2) Your freedom to marry depends upon the validity of your first marriage. The evidence which you present is insufficient for me to give you an opinion. The Catholic Church presumes that a marriage is valid until it is proved to be invalid. The best thing to do is to bring this matter before the pastor of the Catholic lady. You would be obliged to arrange for a marriage in case you were free from matrimonial ties, so tell him the full facts in the case.

### BIBLE BLESSING

*Is there something written in the Holy Bible that whosoever has it on his person will be successful?*—F. J. D., BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

There is nothing that I know of in the Holy Bible which pronounces a blessing on those who carry it about their person. There is a passage in the Apocalypse, chapter 1, verse 3, which reads: "blessed is he that readeth and heareth the words of this prophecy, and keepeth those things which are written in it, for the time is at hand". Possibly, this may be the reference you are seeking. But common sense dictates that "keepeth those things which are written in it" means to observe in one's conduct what is written, not to carry the book around with one.

### WERE THE APOSTLES BAPTIZED?

*Were the Apostles baptized, and who baptized them? Our Lord seems not to have baptized them for St. John says, "Jesus Himself did not baptize but His Disciples", (JOHN 4:2.) Who, then, baptized the Apostles?*—V. L., PROVIDENCE, R. I.

The Gospels relate that the Apostles were baptized with the baptism of John the Baptist, but they say nothing about their receiving the baptism of Christ, "in water and the Holy Ghost". This is not surprising, for St. John says in his Gospel that many things were done by Jesus in the sight of His disciples which were not written in his book (20:30). But enough was written for our instruction in the faith.

The tradition of the Church, which is one of the sources of revelation, has always been that the Apostles were baptized by our Lord Himself, "with water and the Holy Ghost". St. Thomas of Aquinas interprets St. John (4:2) in the sense that our Lord did not baptize others, but committed that ministry to the Apostles after He had baptized them.

### THANKSGIVINGS

I wish to offer public thanks to the Sacred Heart and the Little Flower for a great favor.—W. H., BARNHARDT, MO.

The inclosed ten dollars is for Father Godfrey, C.P., in his mission in China as a very small thanksgiving to the Sacred Heart for the many, many favors granted me through the wonderful intercession of St. Jude.—S. B., CHESTNUT HILL, PA.

The inclosed five dollars is in thanksgiving for favors received through the intercession of St. Joseph and the Little Flower.—H. B., PASADENA, CAL.

I have recently received several special blessings which I attribute to the prayers, in which I am included, for the members of the Archconfraternity of the Sacred Passion. I am inclosing an offering for the missions.—I. M., BEVERLY, MASS.

Kindly publish my thanks to St. Jude for assistance in money matters and other favors. They were all granted quickly after I asked St. Jude to help.—L. K., PITTSFIELD, MASS.

Please publish my grateful thanks for a wonderful favor received through the intercession of St. Jude. Would that all in despair might invoke this saint, who is ever ready to help all in their hour of trial.—H. G., WEST NEW YORK, N. J.

It was through your column that I learned of St. Jude. Not long ago a case occurred which I considered hopeless, I began praying to St. Jude and promised publication if I obtained my request. Very soon I received an unexpected answer.—V. T., DENVER, COL.

Please publish my thanksgiving to the Sacred Heart of Jesus and good St. Jude for the cure of a very dangerous foot infection. The inclosed \$5.00 is for the missions.—M. M., DORCHESTER, MASS.

Thanksgiving to St. Jude are also made by: M. V. M., Mitchell, So. Dak.; E. C. C., Dedham, Mass.; M. J. N., Phila., Pa.; O. M. W., Oneida, Ill.; H. M., Lowell, Mass.; A. L. H., Dorchester, Mass.



## Basil: *The Hermit of the Pillar* Meets a Herder of Geese\*

ON ONE of the hills near the city of Ancyra, Basil the hermit stood day and night on a pillar of stone forty feet high, praying and weeping for his own sins and for the sins of the world.

A gaunt, dark figure, far up in the blue Asian sky, he stood there for a sign and a warning to all men that our earthly life is short, whether for wickedness or repentance; that the gladness and the splendor of the world are but a fleeting pageant; that in but a little while the nations should tremble before the coming of the Lord in His power and majesty. Little heed did the rich and dissolute people of that city give to his cry of doom; and of the vast crowds who came about the foot of his pillar, the greater number thought but to gaze on the wonder of a day, though some few did pitch their tents hard by, and spent the time of their sojourn in prayer and the lamentation of hearts humbled and contrite.

Now, in the third year of his testimony, as Basil was rapt in devotion, with hands and face uplifted to the great silent stars, an Angel, clothed in silver and the blue-green of the night, stood in front of him in the air, and said: "Descend from thy pillar, and get thee away far westward; and there thou shalt learn what is for thy good."

Without delay or doubt Basil descended, and stole away alone in the hush before the new day, and took the winding ways of the hills, and thereafter went down into the low country of the plain to seaward.

BY WILLIAM CANTON

After long journeying among places and people unknown, he crossed the running seas which part the eastern world from the world of the west, and reached the City of the Golden Horn, Byzantium; and there for four months he lived on a pillar overlooking the city and the narrow seas, and cried his cry of doom and torment. At the end of the

fourth month the Angel once more came to him and bade him descend and go further.

So with patience and constancy of soul he departed between night and light, and pursued his way for many months till he had got to the ancient city of Treves. There, among the ruins of a temple of the heathen goddess Diana, he found a vast pillar of marble still erect, and the top of this he thought to make his home and watch-tower. Wherefore he sought out the Bishop of the city and asked his leave, and the Bishop, marvelling greatly at his austerity, gave his consent.

THE PEOPLE were amazed at what they considered his madness; but they gave him no hindrance, nor did they molest him in any way. In no long

time the fame of his penance was noised abroad, and multitudes came to see what there was of truth in the strange story they had heard. Afterwards, too, many came out of sorrow for sin and an ardent desire of holiness; and others brought

\*This story is reprinted from a charming volume entitled, *A Child's Book of Saints*, made up of a series of Catholic legends. Your copy, bound in red leather with gold stamping, will be sent you post-paid by THE SIGN for \$1.60.



A GAUNT, DARK FIGURE, FAR UP IN THE BLUE ASIAN SKY, HE STOOD THERE FOR A SIGN AND A WARNING TO ALL MEN.

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their sick and maimed in the hope that the Hermit might be able to cure their ailments, or give them assuagement of their sufferings. Many of these Basil sent away cleansed and made whole by the virtue of his touch or of the blessing he bestowed upon them.

A STRANGE and well-nigh incredible thing it seemed, to look upon this man on the height of his pillar, preaching and praying constantly, and enduring night and day the inclemency of the seasons and the weariness and discomfort of his narrow standing place. For the pillar, massive as it was, was so narrow where the marble curved over in big acanthus leaves at the four corners that he had not room to lie down at length to sleep; and indeed he slept but little, considering slumber a waste of the time of prayer, and the dreams of sleep so many temptations to beguile the soul into false and fugitive pleasures. No shelter was there from the wind, but he was bare as a stone in the field to the driving rain and the blaze of the sun at noon; and in winter the frost was bitter to flesh and blood, and the snow fell like flakes of white fire. His only clothing was a coat of sheepskin; about his neck hung a heavy chain of iron, in token that he was a thrall and bondsman of the Lord Christ, and each Friday he wore an iron crown of thorns, in painful memory of Christ's passion and His sorrowful death upon the tree. Once a day he ate a little rye bread, and once he drank a little water.

No man could say whether he was young or aged; and the mother who had borne him a little babe at her bosom, and had watched him grow to boyhood, could not have recognized him, for he had been burnt black by the sun and the frost, and the weather had bleached his hair and beard till they looked like lichens on an ancient forest-tree, and the crown of thorns had scarred his brow, and the links of the chain had galled his neck and shoulders.

For three summers and three winters he endured this stricken life with cheerful fortitude, counting his sufferings as great gain if through them he might secure the crown of celestial glory which God has woven for His elect. Remembering all his prayers and supplications, and the long martyrdom of his body, it was hard for him, at times, to resist the assurance that he must have won a golden seat among the blessed.

"For who, O Lord Christ!" he cried, with trembling hands outstretched, and dim eyes weeping, "who hath taken up Thy cross as I have done, and the anguish of the thorns and

the nails, and the parched sorrow of Thy thirst, and the wounding of Thy blessed body, and borne them for years twenty and three, and shown them as I have shown them to the sun and stars and the four winds, high up between heaven and earth, that men might be drawn to Thee, and carried them across the world from the outmost East to the outmost West? Surely, Lord God! Thou hast written my name in Thy Book of Life, and has set for me a happy place in the heavens. Surely, all I have and am I have given Thee; and all that a worm of the earth may do have I done! If in anything I have failed, show me, Lord, I beseech Thee, wherein I have come short. If any man there be more worthy in Thine eyes, let me, too, set eyes upon him, that I may learn of him how I may the better please Thee. Teach me, Lord, that which I know not, for Thou alone art wise!"

As Basil was praying thus in the hour before dawn, once more the Angel, clothed in silver and blue-green, as though it had been a semblance of the starry night, came to him, and said: "Give me thy hand;" and Basil touched the hand celestial, and the Angel drew him from his pillar, and placed him on the ground, and said: "This is that land of the west in which thou art to learn what is for thy good. Take for staff this piece of tree, and follow this road till thou reachest the third milestone; and there, in the early light, thou shalt meet him who can instruct thee. For a sign, thou shalt know the man by the little maid of seven years who helpeth him to drive the geese. But the man, though young, may teach one who is older than he, and he is one who is greatly pleasing in God's eyes."

THE CLEAR light was glittering on the dewy grass and the wet bushes when Basil reached the third milestone. He heard the distant sound as of a shepherd piping, and he saw that the road in front of him was crowded for near upon a quarter of a mile with a great gathering of geese—fully two thousand they numbered—feeding in the grass and rushes, and cackling, and hustling each other aside, and clacking their big orange-colored bills, as they waddled slowly onward towards the city.

Among them walked a nut-brown little maiden of seven, clad in a green woollen tunic, with bright flaxen hair and innocent blue eyes, and bare brown legs, and feet shod in shoes of hide. In her hand she carried a long hazel wand, with which she kept in rule the grey and white geese.

As the flock came up to the Hermit, she gazed at him with her sweet wondering eyes, for never

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had she seen so strange and awful a man as this, with his sheepskin dress and iron chain and crown of thorns, and skin burnt black, and bleached hair and dark brows stained with blood. For a moment she stood still in awe and fear, but the Hermit raised his hand, and blessed her, and smiled upon her; and even in that worn and disfigured face the light in the Hermit's eyes as he smiled was tender and beautiful; and the child ceased to fear, and passed slowly along, still gazing at him and smiling in return.

**I**N THE rear of the great multitude of geese came a churl, tall and young, and comely enough for all his embrowning in the sun and wind, and his unkempt hair and rude dress. It was he who made the music, playing on pan's-pipes to lighten the way, and quickening with his staff the loiterers of his flock.

When he perceived the Hermit he stayed his playing, for he bethought him, Is not this the saintly man of whose strange penance and miracles of healing the folk talk in rustic huts and hamlets far scattered? But when they drew nigh to each other, the Hermit bowed low to the Goose-herd, and addressed him: "Give me leave to speak a little with thee, good brother; for an Angel of heaven hath told me of thee, and fain would I converse with thee. Twenty years and three have I served the King of Glory in supplication and fasting and tribulation of spirit, and yet I lack that which thou canst teach me. Now tell me, what works, what austerities, what prayers have made thee so acceptable to God."

A dark flush rose on the Goose-herd's cheeks as he listened, but when he answered it was in a grave and quiet voice: "It ill becomes an aged man to mock and jeer at the young; nor is it more seemly that the holy should gibe at the poor."

"Dear son in Christ," said the Hermit, "I do not gibe or mock at thee. By the truth of the blessed tree, I was told of thee by an Angel in the very night which is now over and gone, and was bidden to question thee. Wherefore be not wrathful, but answer me truly, I beg of thy charity."

The Goose-herd shook his head. "This is a matter beyond me," he replied. "All my work, since thou askest of my work, hath been the tending and rearing geese and driving them to market. From the good marsh lands at the foot of the hills out west I drive them, and the distance is not small, for, sleeping and resting by boulder and tree, for five days are we on the way. Slow of foot goeth your goose when he goeth not by

water, and it profits neither master nor herd to stint them of their green food. And all my prayer hath been that I might get them safe to market, none missing or fallen dead by the way, and that I might sell them speedily and at good price, and so back to the fens again. What more is there to say?"

"In thy humility thou hidest something from me," said the Hermit.

"Nay, I have told thee all that is worth the telling."

"Then hast thou always lived this life?" the Hermit asked.

"Ever since I was a small lad—such a one as the little maid in front, and she will be in her seventh year, or it may be a little older. Before me was my father goose-herd; and he taught me the windings of the journey to the city, and the best resting-places, and the ways of geese, and the meaning of their cries, and what pleaseth them and serveth flesh and feather, and how they should be driven. And now, in turn, I teach the child, for there be goose-girls as well as men."

"Is she then thy young sister, or may it be that she is thy daughter?"

"Neither young sister nor daughter is she," replied the Herd, "and yet in truth she is both sister and daughter."

**W**ILT THOU tell me how that may be?" asked the Hermit.

"It is shortly told," said the Herd. "Robbers broke into their poor and lonely house by the roadside and slew father and mother and left them dead, but the babe at the breast they had not slain, and this was she."

"Didst thou find her?" asked the Hermit.

"Ay, on a happy day I found her; a feeble little thing bleating like a lambkin forlorn beside its dead dam."

"And thy wife, belike, or thy mother, reared her?"

"Nay," said the Herd, "for my mother was dead, and no wife have I. I reared her myself—my little white goseling; and she throve and waxed strong of heart and limb, and merry and brown of favor, as thou hast seen."

"Thou must have been thyself scantily a man in those days," said the Hermit.

"Younger than today," replied the Herd; "but I was ever big of limb and plentiful of my inches."

"And hath she not been often since a burthen?"

"She hath been a care in the cold winter, and a sorrow in her sickness with her teeth—for no man, I wot, can help a small child when the teeth



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come through the gum, and she can but cry ah! ah! and hath no words to tell what she aileth."

"Why didst thou do all this?" asked the Hermit. "What hath been thy reward? Or for what reward dost thou look?"

THE GOOSE-HERD looked at him blankly for a moment; then his face brightened. "Surely," he said, "to see her as she goes on her way, a bright, brown little living thing, with her clear hair and glad eyes, is a goodly reward. And a goodly reward is it to think of her growth, and to mind me of the days when she could not walk and I bore her whithersoever I went; and of the days when she could but take faltering steps and was soon fain to climb into my arms and sit upon my neck; and of the days when we first fared together with the geese to market and I cut her her first hazel stick; and in truth of all the days that she hath been with me since I found her."

As the Goose-herd spoke the tears rose in the Hermit's eyes and rolled slowly down his cheeks;

and when the young man ceased, he said: "O son, now I know why thou art so pleasing in the eyes of God. Early hast thou learned the love which gives all and asks nothing, which suffereth long and is ever kind, and this I have not learned. A small thing and too common it seemed to me, but now I see that it is holier than austerities, and availeth more than fasting, and is the prayer of prayers. Late have I sought thee, thou ancient truth; late have I found thee, thou ancient beauty; yet even in the gloaming of my days may there still be light enough to win my way home. Farewell, good brother; and be God tender and pitiful to thee as thou has been tender and pitiful to the little child."

"Farewell, holy man!" replied the Herd, regarding him with a perplexed look, for the life and austerities of the Hermit were a mystery he could not understand.

Then going on his way, he laid the pan's-pipes to his lips and whistled a pleasant music as he strode after his geese.

## *Hairdressers and Heaven*

BY J. DESMOND GLEESON

A NEWSPAPER recently rejoiced its readers with the curious headline, "Hairdresser Takes Orders." It seems to be considered rather strange that a shaver of men should wish to become a saver of men, that one who clears faces of much perilous fungus should wish to clean souls of much perilous sin.

But a little private research will show the journalist who wrote this heading that extraordinary religious combinations have been known to happen in the past, and when he has read rather more deeply into history he will discover to his astonishment what may be expressed in this headline, "Butcher's Son Becomes a Cardinal." This curiosity may so excite him that he will read up a bit more about Wolsey.

But the Church, he will discover, has had some queer coves in its time. Thus a peasant boy with the unusual name of Nicholas Breakspear, who grew up within the shadow of St. Alban's Abbey, actually went on to become a Pope. In this case, he will not fail to observe, the poor boy prospered. On the other hand, he may live to discover how the son of a rich merchant in Italy got rid of all his riches (and of some of his father's as well, much to that merchant's disgust) and became a very poor man indeed. Clad in sackcloth, he could find no more useful or

efficient occupation than that of founding the Order of Franciscans.

But the now eager and perhaps interested journalist will find even more unusual and unconnected individuals having an interest in matters of religion. Thus such a name as a Becket will probably cross his troubled vision. Should such be the case he will then learn how one humble person, "a mere trader's son," did in his short lifetime what both of the above fanatics did. First of all he became rich and then voluntarily he became poor. How the journalist will explain this in terms of business, it is difficult to say, but the fact remains that after this individual had shown all the brightest qualities upon which the modern schools insist, the pursuit of riches, the will-to-get-on, etc., he suddenly gave up all with sudden gesture, exchanging his silken doublet for a hair shirt. He even showed some superstitious pride in the exchange.

But more striking headlines than ordinary history can supply are to be gathered from the New Testament. For instance, more alarming than "Hairdresser Takes Orders" will be the new line that will explode on our breakfast table, bringing the coffee pot down with a crash, "Fisherman Becomes Apostle." But the end is not yet and it still remains for our enquiring journalist to conclude his researches with the last and illuminating headline, "Carpenter Finds Christianity."



# The Magnet of Hearts

## The Appeal of Jesus Crucified

HERE are many books that contain accurate accounts of the origin and development of the religious life. "Lives" of the Founders of Orders have been written and the various Rules have been explained. These books are a help to the student of the past who desires facts above all else; they are an inspiration to the Religious themselves who are inspired by the example of saintly Founders to imitate them and who are thereby urged to preserve the traditions of a glorious past. But the religious life itself—a movement so universal and so permanent—does not receive adequate treatment, or a logical explanation when viewed merely as a historical fact. Back of the fact, we must seek the reason, the motive that caused it to arise with Christianity itself and has endowed it with the very permanence of Christ's religion. The inspiration, the motive, the cause of this movement is none other than the Passion of Christ.

The one enduring fact in a fickle and changing world is the Law of Sacrifice. Even outside the orthodox viewpoint and practice, sacrifice has always been looked upon as primary and essential in the world's religions. Sacrifice expresses in an eloquent manner the dogmatic, the basic truths of all true religion—the sovereignty of God and the dependence of the creature; by it adoration and praise is rendered to the Creator and help in the needs and necessities of life is asked.

At the same time, sacrifice always had a moral meaning. It was a pledge that all things offensive to the Deity would be avoided. It was both a profession of faith and a promise to observe strictly the moral law. This is exemplified in the Jewish religion. There were the sacrifices of the Law, by which dependence on God was acknowledged, and pardon for sin was asked. There was also the painful rite of circumcision by which children were dedicated to the service of God and to the observance of His Law.

The Christian religion, which fulfills the promises of the old Law and illumines its shadowy figures, is dogmatically based on the Sacrifice of Christ. Tanqueray, an authority of note, says: "All dogmas are summed up in Christ, the Redeemer. Redemption supposes the Mystery of the Most Holy Trinity; the Father so loved the world as to give His only Begotten Son to

BY FRANCIS SHEA, C.P.

redeem men; the Son having finished His work, sent the Holy

Ghost whose work it is to apply to each of the Faithful the merits of Christ. The Passion also implies *original sin*, since it was intended to repair the ravages of sin and to elevate man to a supernatural state. Other dogmas are also consequent on the Redemption. *Justification* by which the fruits of the Redemption are applied to the sinner; the *Sacraments* through which the graces that Christ merited are dispensed; finally, the *Glorification* of both soul and body which is the last effect of Redemption."

Naturally, being the foundation of our Faith, the Passion of Christ is the prime motive of Christian morality, which may be briefly summed up in the very words of Jesus, "Deny thyself." He always associated this great principle of Christian morality with the fact of His own painful and humiliating Death on the Cross. After "Jesus began to show His disciples that He must go to Jerusalem and suffer many things", "Peter, taking Him, began to rebuke Him." The answer of Jesus addressed to all His disciples follows immediately: "If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow Me. For he that will save his life shall lose it; and he that shall lose life for My sake, shall find it." Jesus, after "saying: The Son of Man must suffer many things and be rejected by the ancients and chief priests and scribes and be killed," "He said to all: If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself and take up his cross daily and follow Me."

IT is no wonder then that those nearest to Him and most familiar with His language should convey to us the same meaning. St. John tells us that "all that is in the world is the concupiscence of the flesh, the concupiscence of the eyes and the pride of life." (St. JOHN 2:16.) It is natural then that St. Paul, with the same thought in mind, warns us against these evils by motives drawn from the Passion of Christ. He gives a serious argument in favor of chastity when he says: "You are bought with a great price. Glorify and bear God in your body" (1 COR. 6:20.) So in the matter of poverty, appealing for a generous collection for the poor of Jerusalem, he reminds the Corinthians "of our Lord Jesus Christ, that being rich He became

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poor for your sakes; that through His poverty you might become rich" (2 COR. 8:9.) More emphatic is his protest against the pride of life: "Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus, Who, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God: but emptied Himself, taking the form of a servant, being made in the likeness of men, and in habit found as a man. He humbled Himself, becoming obedient unto death, even the death of the Cross." (PHIL. 2:5-8).

THUS IT is evident that the Passion of Jesus is the inspiration that moves souls toward the religious life—a life completely and absolutely devoted to Him—a life in which they who live it, "may not now live to themselves, but unto Him who died for them."

This is clearly brought out by a brilliant writer: "The Cross was an expression of God's love to the human family,—not his justice, or vengeance, or wrath: these are but fractional words—the integral word is love. "God so loved the world that he gave his only-begotten Son." All love must *give*. Only one love rose to the highest point of sacrifices. The cross means justice, law, and satisfaction, only as elements or aspects of love. Yet sacrifice, we have said, is the very nature of love; it is the last expression of love: we only love any being in proportion as we are prepared to suffer for his sake,—not one whit more; we may never be called upon to undergo the suffering, still the willingness to suffer is the precise measure of the love. If love be represented by a straight line, sacrifice is the last point of it,—not something beyond it, but something *in* it, something *of* it. All love, then, is strictly sacrifice,—counting nothing its own while its object is unattained. We thus get a glimpse of God's love towards man; he loved him to the shedding of blood—not the blood of inferior life, but the blood of His only-begotten Son. The point of sacrifice is indicated by the word *only*, a word which intimates that there was nothing left behind, no spared treasure,—all was given; not the hand only, but the heart,—not the heart's sigh, but the heart's blood. He who gave this might well say that he *loved the world*. To give one out of many would have been nothing; to have only one, and to give it, was as much as even God could do." (*Ecce Deus*, p. 241.)

That Jesus Crucified is the source and inspiration of the religious life is the opinion of Catholic writers. Rogers Bede Vaughn in his *Life of St. Thomas Aquinas* speaking of the monks of the desert—the first organized religious—says:

"No love except a personal love of Christ, hanging in all His Beauty on the Cross, is strong enough to attract men into the wilderness, or to urge them to throw up all that nature prizes most to gain that love without impediment." In *The Spiritual Life of Mediaeval England* the Rev. J. B. Dalgairns declares that this life of prayer and sacrifice is simply "a life of expiatory suffering and prayer involved in the very idea of the Sacrifice of Christ" "Greater love than this no man hath that a man lay down his life for his friend"—not a life laid down in the sudden fervor of martyrdom, but a life patiently and laboriously lived in keeping oneself unspotted from this world, from "the concupiscence of the flesh, the concupiscence of the eyes and the pride of life".

The saddest feature of American Catholic life is a lack of vocations. This is acknowledged by quite a few Religious Orders. They even "advertise" for vocations. The remedy surely consists in "advertising" Jesus Crucified. St. Paul did it and met with success. So successful was he that he is amazed when the Galatians fell back into their old ways: "Ye senseless Galatians, who hath bewitched you, you before whose eyes Jesus Christ was depicted nailed to the Cross?" (GAL. 3:1. WEST. VER). "The bewitching of vanity obscureth good things and the wandering of concupiscence overturneth the innocent mind." (WISDOM 4:12).

AN ILLUSTRATION of all the points herein set forth is given in a story that appeared in the *Ave Maria*. A girl of noble birth presented herself as a postulant to the superiors of a very austere order of cloistered nuns. Wishing to test thoroughly the vocation of the would-be Religious the superioress drew a picture, drawn in the darkest possible colors, of the rigor and severity of life in the cloister. Conducting her in spirit through each apartment of the convent, she showed the girl the thousand and one objects that would very certainly prove repugnant to her nature. The young postulant appeared somewhat shaken, but she remained silent. "Well my daughter, what say you now?" "Mother," was the reply, "are there any crucifixes in the convent? Shall I find a cross in the narrow cell, where the couch is so hard, in the refectory where the food is so scanty, in the chapter room, where severe corrections are administered?" "Yes, my daughter, you will find the Cross *everywhere*." "Ah, then, Mother, I am content to enter. Nothing can be difficult in any place where one can always see the crucifix and recall the sufferings of our Lord."

# Who was Dorcas?

## Something About an Apostolic Social Worker

**O**H, YES, we frequently hear of Dorcas societies, and more frequently we are asked, "But who was Dorcas?"

It is an interesting fact that Social Service work is not a product of the present, but that it dates back to the early ages of Christianity, and that in those days there were women as well as men missionaries. As a matter of fact, the gentler sex played an important part in the apostolic endeavors of St. Peter and St. Paul. True these Social Service devotees were not confronted with the disturbing and chaotic conditions of today, yet to read of their struggles and hardships may inspire us with greater zeal and courage in our efforts at reform.

Dorcas was a product of apostolic days. The center of her labors was in and about the old seaport town of Joppa through whose portals passed countless cargoes of precious freight. The Sacred Writings tell us that in Bible times Jaffa, as it is now called, was a battle-scarred region, alternately in the hands of Jews, Moslems, Phoenicians, Romans and Crusaders. Here it was that St. Peter raised to life Tabitha, called, by the Greeks, Dorcas, a name which had endured through the vista of the centuries.

The story of Dorcas is simply and beautifully related in the *Acts of the Apostles* where she is described as a "woman full of good works and alms-deeds." There is every evidence that she was possessed of an independent fortune which was generously shared with the lowly, poor and unfortunate.

One must read between the lines of the narrative in the "Acts" in order to visualize the life of this gentle missionary. It does not need a very vivid play of the fancy to sketch a living portrait of Dorcas, though the picture might stand out in bolder relief if one would first read a bit of Bible history, or some of the picturesque "travel books" that describe the Holy Land.

Dorcas must have been a familiar figure traversing the devious paths that wound in and out of the undulating lands around Joppa. She was clad, possibly, in a tunic of soft gray or white, her auburn hair bound in spotless linen. Miles upon miles her tireless feet tramped, as she visited the low, square Oriental dwellings, there to tenderly nurse the sick, or to instruct those eager to understand the teachings of Christ. Her

peaceful countenance must have delighted and comforted the hearts of her humble pensioners, and it is pleasant to conjure a vision of Dorcas seeking shelter, after hard hill climbing, beneath the shade of one of the gigantic weeping willows which tradition tells us were large enough to shelter an entire caravan.

Unconscious of the danger attendant upon crossing swollen brooks, undisturbed by the discomfort of walking in thin sandals, this angel of mercy serenely wended her way through the country. Often she paused to gather bright nosegays to cheer the bare room of some depressed invalid, or to pluck the savory fruit of the sycamore. Her pannier of plaited reeds must ever been filled to overflowing with parched corn, grapes, delectable figs and dates, as well as with an ample supply of herbs and soothing oils.

There came a time in the midst of her arduous work, that Dorcas became ill unto death, and, notwithstanding the constant prayers of her pensioners, she departed this life. Holy Scripture relates that she was placed, according to the custom of the period, "In an upper chamber," the most sumptuous no doubt that her abode afforded, one hung with richly woven tapestries. The couch upon which she rested was gracefully draped in mourning, and round it knelt the humble folk to whom Dorcas had been virtually a mother.

**A**BOUT THIS time St. Peter was "on a missionary journey through the Mediterranean provinces." The martyrdom of St. Stephen had sown seed for a harvest of conversions which "Peter made haste to garner." We are told that in the "fertile table-land of Sharon" he met with remarkable success. His cure of Eneas brought thousands to the Faith, and the news of his miracle soon reached Joppa, whither he was implored to journey that he might perform a miracle in the case of Dorcas.

According to the Bible narrative, after St. Peter arrived, he bade all to leave the chamber of Dorcas, then "kneeling, prayed and turning to the body said, 'Tabitha arise', and opening her eyes, and seeing Peter, she sat up. And when he had called the saints and widows, he presented her alive."



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After this miracle had been performed, many of the inhabitants of Joppa and its environs were baptized. As for the faithful Dorcas, she spent the remainder of her years helping the disciples of our Lord in the spread of the Faith, and in giving succor to those in dire need, and doubtless as long as time endures her name shall be held in sacred memory.

Holy Mother Church needs the sacrifices of her heroic women who are adding Social Service works to their household tasks. Now that the world is in such a state of chaos and unrest, women are called upon more than ever before to sanctify their sometimes strenuous activities by prayer, and strive to emulate the example of their apostolic forerunners.

# The Prayer Meeting

## No. 2 in The Passing of Puritanism

THE SILENCE in "Mount Zion" schoolroom was broken only by the ticking of the plain-faced clock at the back and the occasional entrance of some member of Pastor Nash's flock. In spite of the gusty night, it was easy to hear the approach of each new-comer, for the chapel and its dingy hall stood some distance from the main street, in a little alley-way of its own, and the footsteps of those about to enter were plainly audible. It was raining outside and the shaking of wet umbrellas in the little porch gave further announcement, as did also the creaking of the faded, red-baize door each time it opened. Those who thus arrived took their places quietly and, while waiting for the commencement of the service, turned the leaves of the Sankey hymn-book distributed along the seats or betook themselves to the reading of the Bible, a copy of which each brought with him.

By an unwritten law, the Wednesday Prayer Meeting was reserved for the Elect only. On Sundays the adjoining chapel welcomed the "unsaved" and special efforts were made—more particularly at the evening service—to melt their stony hearts. But it was understood that the week-night devotions were intended only for the initiated. A sense of cozy exclusiveness passing into a smug satisfaction at being within the Ark gave an atmosphere of freedom and intimacy to the gathering not possible in the larger assembly. Here at least all spoke the language of Zion and could pronounce "Shibboleth" in the decreed manner. The young shop-assistants who ogled one another from different sides of the gallery, and the more prosperous and fashionable element in the Sunday congregation, whom worldly success had enabled to dispense with religious

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"extras," no longer disturbed the corporate piety and devotion of the highly favored few.

This consciousness of belonging to the elite was plainly evident on the face of old Mrs. Tebbitt sitting near the stove to dry her clothes. Her incessant coughing shook the jet-spangles in her bonnet violently and confirmed the suspicions roused by the red flush of her hollow cheeks. The way she hugged the stove suggested, too, garments ill-suited, on a cold wet night like this, to her age and infirmity. The need of supporting a bed-ridden husband condemned her, it was known, to labor far beyond her strength. That is why, when the service started with the singing of "Shall we Gather at the River?," she did not stand with the others but indulged her tired bones by remaining seated, rocking herself as she sang in tune with the harmonium. Perhaps that also accounted for the look on her face to which reference has been already made. At other times she might be an obscure chore-woman but on Wednesday nights she sat among the Elect, lifted, by her membership in this obscure sect, above kings and queens, and was taken into the intimate secrets of the Most High.

AFTER THE hymn, Pastor Nash—a mild looking man whose light brown beard all but hid the neat, white tie indicative of his office—led in prayer and read a portion of Scripture. Another hymn from the red-backed Sankey collection followed and then came the address, one of a long series on the prophecies of Habakkuk. The address, which lasted over half-an-hour, being concluded, an opportunity was given to those present to offer extempore prayer. Each one who availed



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himself of this liberty rose to his feet, grasped the back of the seat in front, and, turning his face to the white-washed roof, poured out a stream of ejaculations and petitions in a voice that was half wailing and half shouting. Long rambling, self-pitying, self-abasing and yet curiously self-satisfied prayers they were, betraying a hundred mistakes in grammar and theology but with a strain of earnestness and sincerity which all the falsetto notes could not obscure.

THE ANNOUNCEMENT that the meeting was now open was the cue for which an old man with a fringe of grey beard under his chin had been waiting. Invariably he was the first on his feet, so that a sort of right of way had been established in his favor. For anyone else to have preceded old Mr. Bond at the Prayer Meeting would have been regarded as a breach of the etiquette recognized at "Mount Zion." There had at one time been a certain rivalry between him and Zechariah White, the shoemaker, as to which should be first, but Zechariah was now dead and the field remained in undisputed possession of his sole competitor. As familiar as was the order thus observed were the terms in which the petitions were couched. Each of those who "engaged in prayer" had his pet themes and phrases, which never varied. Mr. Bond, for instance, always prayed for "our minister", adding, for the Lord's information, "Pastor Nash", while young Mr. Triggs was more circumspect, interceding for "the ministry exercised in this, Thy Sanctuary." Bond, again invariably remembered the needs of foreign missions and reeled off the names of various benighted countries like a schoolboy at his geography lesson, while Triggs specialized in warning the Almighty against the machinations of the Church of Rome, "from which, as Thou knowest," he was accustomed to add, "Thou didst save this nation by the hand of Thy servant, Luther." He, too, made geographical allusions but his references were to France, Spain and Italy.

As the older man was accorded the right of being first to address Heaven, so was it understood that Nathan Triggs, being the youngest of the Elect, should be the last. In spite of the fact that he was senior salesman at the Stores, was immaculately dressed and was gifted with an unctuous manner, Triggs was viewed as being still something of an outsider. The fact that he had come to the town only within the last two years and the curious coincidence that his appearance at the Prayer Meeting dated from the time when Miss Nellie Dale took charge of the

harmonium were not in his favor, and it had even been suggested that his prayers were framed with a view of impressing Miss Dale rather than of prevailing with the Divine Listener to whom they were nominally addressed.

Miss Dale herself was something of an anomaly in that company. That a musician capable of mastering the harmonium must be secured was agreed but as none of the older members could boast of that accomplishment, this representative of the younger generation was pressed into service. But the dainty way in which she tripped to her place, the colors occasionally displayed in her hat and the fact that she had been known to attend a dance given by a relative created a prejudice against her among the older folk. Mrs. Tebbitt's contempt for her "flighty ways" was well-known. But Miss Dale was the forerunner of a new generation whose ways were not those of their fathers and the time came when even she was regarded as old-fashioned and over-strict.

"Mount Zion" is still standing but the week-night Prayer Meeting is no more. The blistered walls from which the distemper peeled have been painted, and the out-of-date rostrum has long ago been removed in favor of a platform that slopes downward towards the auditorium. There are even signs that it is occasionally used for theatricals. A row of footlights runs along the edge of the new structure and a drop scene overhangs the spot on which Pastor Nash once discoursed concerning Habakkuk. There was pointed out to me, on the occasion of my visit to the old place a little while ago, a set of parallel bars covered with coconut matting in a corner of the hall, and when I inquired as to the continuance of the Wednesday Prayer Meetings I was told that the evening is now occupied by the Young Men's Gymnastic Society. The old folks—it seems—died off one by one and, as the younger generation showed no disposition to engage in public prayer, it was decided to abandon that form of meeting. A new minister had come who declared that it was necessary above all things to cater for the young people, a sentiment to which almost unanimous assent was given; there was, indeed, but one objector.

A MIDDLE-AGED lady, once known as Nellie Dale but now Mrs. Triggs, protested strongly at these new-fangled ideas and declared that, while she believed in fun and all that sort of thing, she didn't hold with a church being turned into a club.

# Adam and Eve

*From the Second and Third Chapters of Genesis\**

**T**HE LORD formed man of the slime of the earth; and breathed into his face the breath of life, and man became a living soul. And the Lord God had planted a paradise of pleasure from the beginning; wherein He placed man whom He had made. And the Lord God brought forth of the ground all manner of trees, fair to behold and pleasant to eat of; the tree of life also in the midst of paradise; and the tree of knowledge of good and evil.

And the Lord God took man and put him into

the paradise of pleasure, to dress it and to keep it. And He commanded him, saying: "Of every tree of paradise thou shalt eat; but of the tree of knowledge of good and evil, thou shalt not eat. For in what day soever thou shalt eat of it, thou shalt die the death."

And the Lord God said: "It is not good for man to be alone; let Us make him a help like unto himself." Then the Lord God cast a deep sleep upon Adam: and when he was fast asleep, He took one of his ribs and filled up flesh for it. And the Lord God built the rib which He took from Adam into a woman, and brought her to Adam. And Adam said: "This now is bone of my bones, and flesh of my flesh; she shall be called woman because she was taken out of man." Wherefore a man shall leave father and mother, and shall cleave to his wife; and they shall be two in one flesh. And they were both naked, to wit, Adam and his wife; and were not ashamed.

**N**ow the serpent was more subtle than any of the beasts of the earth. . . And he said to the woman: "Why hath God commanded you that you should not eat of every tree of paradise?" And the woman answered him: "Of the fruit of the trees that are in paradise we do eat; but of the fruit of the tree which is in the midst of paradise, God hath commanded that we shall not eat; and that we should not touch it, lest perhaps we die." And the serpent said to the woman: "No, you shall not die the death. For God doth know that

\*GENESIS, meaning Generation, is the first part of the Holy Bible—a book which, for interesting and instructive reading, has never been surpassed. It should be in every Catholic home. A large Bible, beautifully bound in leather, will be sent by THE SIGN to any address for \$4.25.



GOOD TO EAT, FAIR TO THE EYE AND DELIGHTFUL TO BEHOLD

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in what day soever you shall eat thereof, your eyes shall be opened; and you shall be as God, knowing good and evil."

And the woman saw that the tree was good to eat, and fair to the eyes, and delightful to behold; and she took of the fruit thereof, and did eat, and gave to her husband who did eat. And the eyes of them both were opened; and when they perceived themselves to be naked, they sewed together fig leaves, and made themselves aprons. And when they heard the voice of the Lord God walking in paradise at the afternoon air, Adam and his wife hid themselves from the face of the Lord God, amidst the trees of paradise.

**A**ND THE Lord God called Adam and said to him: "Where are thou?" And he said: "I heard Thy voice in paradise; and I was afraid, because I was naked, and I hid myself." And He said to him: "And who hath told thee that thou wast naked, but that thou hast eaten of the tree whereof I commanded thee that thou shouldst not eat?" And Adam said: "The woman whom Thou gavest me to be my companion, gave me of the tree, and I did eat." And the Lord God said to the woman: "Why hast thou done this?" And she answered: "The serpent deceived me, and I did eat." And the Lord God said to the serpent:

"Because thou hast done this thing, thou art cursed among all cattle and beasts of the earth; upon thy breast thou shalt go, and earth thou shalt eat all the days of thy life. I will put enmities between thee and thy woman, and thy seed and her seed; and she shall crush thy head, and thou shalt lie in wait for heel." To the woman also He said: "I will multiply thy sorrows, and thy conceptions; in sorrow shalt thou bring forth children, and thou shalt be under thy husband's power, and he shall have dominion over thee."

And to Adam He said: "Because thou hast hearkened to the voice of thy wife, and hast



ADAM AND EVE ARE DRIVEN FORTH FROM PARADISE

eaten of the tree whereof I commanded thee that thou shouldst not eat, cursed is the earth in thy work; with labor and toil shalt thou eat thereof all the days of thy life. Thorns and thistles shall it bring forth to thee; and thou shalt eat the herbs of the earth. In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread till thou return to the earth out of which thou wast taken: for dust thou art, and into dust thou shalt return."

And Adam called the name of his wife Eve . . . . And the Lord God sent him out of the paradise of pleasure to till the earth from which he was taken. And he cast out Adam; and placed before the paradise of pleasure Cherubims, and a flaming sword, turning every way, to keep the way of the tree of life.

# Counterfeit Catholicism

## *Some Personal Experiences of Episcopalian Vagaries*

IN THE sacristy of the Episcopal Church of

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to the rooms of a High Church seminarian. In one corner of

St. Mary the Virgin in New York City there hangs a three-quarter length mirror. Before it the clergy and the acolytes of St. Mary's pause to adjust chasubles, amices, and surplices, to give a final pat to the well-combed hair before they venture forth to the performance of the religious spectacles in which that church specializes. The mirror, unimportant in itself, is in reality a symbol and, as such, achieves significance. It stands for that self-consciousness so characteristic of the thing now commonly known as Anglo-Catholicism. Let one try as he may, he will find it well nigh impossible to avoid a certain impression at every High Church function that the goal aimed at is the impression to be made upon the spectators.

If an Anglican makes the sign of the cross or genuflects at the *Incarnatus* in the *Credo* it always seems as though this were not an act of devotion so much as an attempt to demonstrate to the onlooker what a splendid Catholic the Anglican is. It is as though he were to say in so many words, "Look at me as I make the sign of the cross and see what a real Catholic I am." And what is true in church is all the more so when the Episcopalian makes himself conspicuous in dining rooms and hotels by a public display of his ultra "Catholicism." The rather abashed Catholic belonging to the Church which the whole world has always called by that name finds it hard not to say to himself, "Methinks he doth protest too much."

Do Catholic priests make a habit of sitting for their photographs and oil portraits clad in the vestments of the Mass? The first sight of a full-length painting of the late John Mason Neale dressed in alb and chasuble gave me a real shock. It seemed irreverent and almost blasphemously vain for a minister to pose for his picture in the garb of the altar. The thought that insisted in protruding itself into my mind was that Dr. Neale wore a chasuble primarily because of the pleasure it gave him and only secondarily for the honor he thought it rendered to God. Since then I have learned that Dr. Neale was not alone in his pious vanity and that the custom is not uncommon among the High Churchmen. My feelings experienced a similar revulsion on the occasion of my first visit

the dimly lighted and almost luxuriously furnished study stood a small polychrome image of the Mother of God. Before it flickered a blue light, while from a censer hanging on the edge of the mantle there rose the fumes of aromatic incense. I could not shake off the impression that the whole was intended rather for the effect than for devotion. When I learned that it was the habit of the seminarians to pull glowing coals from the fire and place them on the fire shovel and then pour over them incense manufactured by the Episcopalian Sisters for use in church I was sickened. I thought of a visit I had paid to a Catholic seminary, of the monastic simplicity of the students' rooms, of the strict discipline, and of the absence of the pretty pretty. The one seemed playing at religion while the other was the genuine article.

Time after time in my Anglican life I faced occurrences that made it appear that the thought of my companions was that they could become Catholics by the mere striking of Catholic attitudes, or by the performance of Catholic devotions. If a Methodist were asked what was the proper procedure for becoming a Catholic he would undoubtedly answer, "See a priest and join the Catholic Church." The Episcopalian so often seems to say "See how the Catholics do it and then imitate them."

My contact with the Episcopalian monks was no happier than with the High Church seminarians. A Cowley Father crossing Boston Common dressed in the black habit and poached-egg hat of his Order attracted attention, sometimes amusement, and occasionally even contempt from the passers-by. I knew the monk could not be oblivious of the reaction he was causing nor could I imagine he was not secretly pleased by it.

MOST OF the advanced churchmen I have known were either converts from the Low Church position or proselytes from the Nonconformist bodies. These men came to the seminary sick to the death of bare meeting houses, frock coated preachers, revival and hymn-book religion, and endless sermons. The paraphernalia of ritualism was to them like a new toy to a baby. They could never get their fill of it. In season and out of season it must be trotted out.



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THEY KNEW as well as the rest of the world that there was in existence such a body as the Catholic Church where ceremonies and candles and incense were used not as amusements but as aids to devotion and as means of teaching religious truth, where discipline was the order of the day and where obedience was the first virtue. Some feared this Catholic Church because they knew it meant giving up their freedom to do as they pleased, and others because they had been nurtured on false history; but one and all wanted the pretty side of Catholic life.

Unfortunately for them in their endeavors to realize this Romeless and Popeless Catholicism they are without guidance of a living voice. Their official leaders do not agree among themselves. Their ecclesiastical conventions and synods do not speak Catholic truth and they mutually contradict one another. To the Pope they cannot go for leadership in matters of doctrine. The decisions of the Sacred Congregations are not binding upon them. Nor can they look for that living voice among the prelates of the much-run-after Eastern Orthodox bodies because the genius of the Oriental schismatics is so alien to the Anglican High Churchman as to be positively distasteful at times.

Their only recourse then is to the written word. They read and interpret for themselves books on Theology, Canon Law, and Liturgy and the result of private interpretation in these fields is as disastrous as it is in the case of the Holy Scriptures. Each man is either a slave to the letter of the law, or he becomes a law unto himself, the last being the Scriptural description of anarchy.

Not many years ago the Society of Jesus completed a handsome novitiate building near Poughkeepsie, N. Y. There is a famous Episcopalian monastery belonging to the "Holy Cross Fathers" across the Hudson from the Jesuit house and the Episcopalian Father Superior took it upon himself to pay a visit to the newly completed structure. The Jesuit Rector received him kindly, showed him through the building and waited for a comment. The good monk was scandalized, however. He had found a flaw in the arrangements of the rooms for receiving visitors. He turned accusingly toward the Jesuit and said, "This is contrary to the Canon Law".

That was supposed to shock the priest who would naturally think a Protestant ignorant of Canon Law. It was also intended to convey to the priest that Anglicans are better Catholics than the Catholics themselves and that they

really observe the laws of the Church more faithfully. The Rector protested. "We have a dispensation from Rome for our plans," he said.

"It makes no difference," replied the Holy Cross monk. "It is contrary to the Canon Law. What good is a law if you are going to get a lot of Pharisaical dispensations to relieve you of its burdens?"

There was Anglo-Catholicism in a nutshell. Not a living voice but dead documents. No wonder Cardinal Manning made his much misunderstood remark in saying that "The appeal to history is a heresy." The Anglican innocence of a living authority, incapable of interpreting their religion or any other religion, leaves them to the mercy of a blanket formula which like a Procrustean bed must fit all cases. It is not the Sabbath for man but man for the Sabbath. One wonders under the circumstances just how an Anglican defines Phariseism.

ANOTHER instance of Anglican dependence on a formula comes to mind; this time, however, it is pathetic rather than humorous. A young High Churchman serving in the army during the War had promised his mother on leaving home that he would try to go to Communion at least once a month while he was in the service. One Sunday morning he came into New York from training camp with the intention of fulfilling his duty at the Church of St. Mary the Virgin. He had been to confession and was fasting as his mother had taught him. The earliest service he could get to was the eleven o'clock "High Mass."

The High Churchmen have been having an uphill fight for nearly a hundred years to introduce the custom of fasting communion and it has been the rule in the advanced parishes to deny the people communion at the late "Mass." Some Anglicans think the Catholic Church has a law against communion of the laity at a High Mass. All the Highs are determined to prevent the people from approaching the rail at eleven o'clock on full stomachs. But they have a snag in the Book of Common Prayer. That liturgical marvel was designed to do away with the old Catholic custom of "hearing Mass." It was intended by the rebels of the sixteenth century that there should never be a celebration of the Lord's Supper unless there were at least a few of the laity prepared to receive the communion. When the celebrant has finished that part of the service where, in the Catholic Mass, the priest begins the Preface the Episcopal minister must turn to the congregation and invite them to re-

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ceive communion in the following form of words:

Ye who do truly and earnestly repent you of your sins and are in love and charity with your neighbors, and intend to lead a new life, following the commandments of God, and walking from henceforth in his holy ways; draw near with faith, and take this holy Sacrament to your comfort. . . .

This is a clear enough asking of those who wish to receive the communion to do so. If the High Churchmen do not intend anyone to communicate why do they go through this form? Then, again, after the prayer of consecration the minister turns to the congregation, as at the *Ecce Agnus Dei* in the Catholic Mass. The words of the rubric in the Book of Common Prayer are: *And sufficient opportunity shall be given to those present to communicate.*

At St. Mary's the ministers turn and hold up the wafer before the eyes of the people—a gesture meaning only one thing. It is as though they said "Now is the time for those who wish to receive communion to come to the rail."

The young soldier went forward and knelt for his communion. The celebrant gave him a hard look and then, turning back to the altar, began intoning the Lord's Prayer. The poor fellow finally realized his position and stumbled blindly back to his pew, blushing under the humiliation he had received in the presence of a congregation that filled the church. Not long after that he was at home. After relating the story to his mother he vowed he would never again go to communion. "If the church cares no more for me than that I shall learn in future to care nothing for the church."

**I**F THE clergy at St. Mary's do not intend the people to communicate why do they not omit, as some extreme parsons do, the words of invitation? And why do they still go through the motions of offering the people an opportunity to go to the rail? Because they fear the wrath of the Low Churchmen. If their enemies could find wherewith to report to the bishop that St. Mary's deliberately violates the rubrics they know the bishop would proceed against them and have the law on his side. And so they recite all the words demanded by the rubrics no matter how inconsistent they may be with their actions. And they call that turning to the congregation with the wafer giving the people an opportunity to communicate. This is the religion that thinks it keeps the spirit of the Catholic law while Rome is said to keep only the letter. This is the body whose writers are wont to justify their

schism by saying that Rome means legalism and quibbling! And the bitterest word in their vocabulary is the term "Jesuitry".

**R**ECENTLY the Anglo Catholics have been introducing the recitation of the Divine Praises. It was at first the custom to omit the "Blessed be her Holy and Immaculate Conception" as smacking of Mariology. The time came when at St. Mary's even this was recited. Surely now no one could deny that the Anglicans were Catholics, at least those who dared express publicly their belief in the Immaculate Conception. But again the Anglican dependence on formularies was demonstrated. Just as St. Mary's thought they had introduced the latest "Roman wrinkle" the Pope was ordering the addition to the Divine Praises of the invocation, "Blessed be St. Joseph, her most chaste Spouse". As St. Joseph happens to be the patron saint of the rector of St. Mary's and as there is already a chapel dedicated to him in that church we may confidently look to see the name of Foster Father of our Lord introduced into the Praises after Benediction as soon as the new devotion trickles to the Anglicans by the slow method of hearsay.

Particularly glaring are the Anglican shortcomings where the hearing of confessions is concerned. This is the most delicate part of the priestly office, requiring thorough preparation. The confessor must know Moral Theology and Canon Law and he must also have instructions from skilled professors with the long experience of the Catholic Church behind them. The Anglicans are almost without a Moral Theology. During the two hundred years when the Sacrament of Penance was looked upon by them as one of the gravest of the "Romish superstitions" there was no need for the science of the soul. Now that there has been a century of High Church theological progress in the realm of dogma their leaders are beginning to realize what an anomaly is presented by the aspect of parsons hearing confessions without any knowledge of their business. The result has been the appearance in recent years of a few small treatises on Moral but at the same time insignificant when compared with the vast amount of Dogmatics that has been published since Keble's epoch-making Assize sermon on National Apostasy. Most of the Episcopalian seminaries in America do not provide even to this day a course in Moral Theology and the young parson who intends to hear confessions is obliged to get such information as he can from a few Anglican books supplemented by readings of Catholic writers.

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THE CONSEQUENCES of this deplorable condition are often devastating. There is the classical example of Dr. Pusey. Breaking ground in the matter of the guidance of souls he had at hand only the writings of some Catholic moralists. Taking literally what he read he became so severe on his penitents and so unwise in his direction of their ascetic practices that one of them died. It is quite the thing to hear Anglican parsons insisting from the pulpit that all day Ash Wednesday should be a strict fast, that neither food nor drink should pass the lips from supper on Shrove Tuesday till supper the next night. They urge this even more violently in the case of Good Friday. It is not at all unusual for pious laypeople to go to their work on these ancient fast days of the Church without a bite to eat. Ill health and headaches and bad spirits and spiritual nausea are often enough the outcome of such untutored devotion. The Lenten regulations of the wise old Church are looked upon by many of the Episcopal zealots as so much Phariseism. The Church is said to make rules and then to allow them to be dissipated by legalistic quibblings and interpretations.

In my own ministry I had the good fortune to make the acquaintance of a splendid young Catholic seminary professor. Of the practical side of the confessional I knew next to nothing. My friend took the time to give me some real help and so enabled me to avoid many pitfalls into which I might have fallen and so have brought harm to the souls under my care. But most of my companions had no such fortune. One man to whom I went did not know the form of absolution and after I had finished my confession I had to teach it to him. Another did not even know how to give a penance. Still another thought the tribunal was a place for carrying on a highly personal conversation.

Even the Low Churchmen can offend. I knew of one who went into a parish as the successor of a fairly High Churchman who had taught the children to make their confessions. Whenever such presented themselves to the new man he was wont to allow them to kneel down and start in on their confessions. Then he would laugh at them and as he expressed it "point out how absurd it all was." I believed him when he said one trial was a sure cure.

The straw that broke the camel's back in my own case was where I had prepared a class for confirmation and carefully instructed them that they should go to confession and communion once a month. When vacation came along one

family went to Cape Cod. The two boys were faithful to my teachings and dutifully presented themselves to the minister of the local church on the eve of the first Sunday of the month. The brave man laughed at them and said I had taught them a "lot of bunk".

BUT ALL the abuses I have mentioned are put into the shade by the nefarious habit of the Episcopalian nuns who practically force their young charges to make their confessions to them before going to the minister. In several Episcopal boarding schools it is the custom for a Sister to provide the child with a piece of paper and a pencil. As the nun reads off the questions from the examination of conscience she asks each time "Did you do that? How many times" and then makes the child write it down. Thus the sisters pry their way into the intimate secrets of their helpless pupils.

I was unpopular with the Episcopalian Sisters from the start. One parson has said that the Episcopal nuns think they are in holy orders. As one who quite agrees with that criticism I can also say that the abuses of which I write are quite to be expected in a body where the whole business of imitation of Catholicism is carried on in defiance of the law of their formularies and against the protests of the majority of the laity and half of the clergy. This lawlessness is bound to spread from the clergy to the rest of the organization.

For one thing I seemed to make the nuns superfluous in the work of the parish. They did practically no work except the teaching of classes in the Sunday school and the preparing of children for confirmation. To make themselves seem justified in existing they would take over work that did not need to be done. For instance, they would go ahead of the minister when there was to be a sick communion and make elaborate preparations. A whole lunch basket full of paraphernalia was dragged along by the nuns on these occasions. A huge white linen cloth, large enough to be the altar cloth in their chapel, a large crucifix, two candle-sticks of altar size, full-size wax candles—these were only part of the contents of the basket.

I KNEW WHERE to go to for suggestions. A neighboring Catholic priest showed me how he carried the Blessed Sacrament and how to act in the sick room. He had all his shut-ins communicated on the first Friday of the month. The day meant nothing to me but the idea seemed proper. So on the first Friday of the first month I was in the parish I had ready a typewritten list



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of names of my shut-ins. I had seen them all previously and told them what to do when I came. On the appointed morning one of the ladies of the parish came to the church door right after my "Mass". Carrying the pyx, like a priest, I sat in the back seat silent while the good woman drove me from house to house. In the short space of an hour and a half I had given communion to more than a dozen sick people. This work would have covered twelve consecutive days under the method of the Sisters. They were furious when they learned that they were of absolutely no use to me in sick communion matters. They asked where I had got my training, sneering that it looked Romish.

The dear nuns could hardly stay in their pews when I celebrated the week day "Mass" at seven o'clock. Every move I made at the altar was watched and reported to the rector and discussed with the pious women who frequented the convent parlor. Among other things one heard that the Mother would say "And did you know that Father Morgan is a German?" This in awed undertones. "Did you know that Father Morgan is a great friend of Monsignor McCarthy's?" And heads and tongues wagged to the tune of the Romeward Drift.

OCCASIONALLY when I had to call at the convent the Mother would corner me and catechize me about my Romish rubrics. "Father, why do you make the sign of the cross upon yourself with the paten?" "Father, why do you take the ablutions directly after communion instead of after the blessing?" "Father, why did you omit the Creed from Mass this morning?"

This last was a sore spot in the good woman's makeup. One Thursday in Lent I announced to her, "Mother, I am to say Mass in your chapel in the morning, instead of the rector."

"Will you recite the Creed, Father?" she asked with neck feathers standing high.

"I don't know, Mother. I must look in the Ordo."

"But you may not say Mass for us unless you say the Creed. Our Ordo calls for the Creed."

I assured her I had nothing to do with her Ordo. I said I would say the Mass her Order celebrated the following day but that I should have to do it in my own rite. And according to my rite—which by the way was the strict Roman—the Credo was omitted during Lenten ferias. I insisted that if a Dominican priest said Mass for the Sisters of Mercy he had to say a Dominican Mass. But she was adamant. I thought that charity was the better part of valor in the

case and agreed to say the Creed. So all went merry as a marriage bell. I knew, however, that the Sisters paid little attention to their prayers but kept their eyes constantly on what I was doing. And that fact tended to keep me distracted and deprived me of what little spiritual satisfaction I might get out of my office.

THE MOST delightful story of sacerdotalism among the Protestant Sisters was told me by the bishop of one of the highest of the High Church dioceses. He was visiting our parish. It was the eve of the anniversary of the death of the late Bishop Grafton of the diocese of Fond du Lac. Dr. Grafton had once been a Cowley monk, and had been a fearless fighter for the High Church cause all during his days as bishop. He was also the founder of the community of Sisters I have been speaking of and was referred to by them as "the Holy Founder." The Mother asked the visiting bishop if he would not like to "say Mass" for them on Bishop Grafton's anniversary. The bishop, thinking it meant that he would be expected to say a "black Mass of requiem," agreed.

Early next morning the good man made his way to the convent and went into the small sacristy to vest. Imagine his consternation when instead of a black chasuble he found lying on the vesting table a set of white festival vestments. Still not quite certain as to the meaning of this latest quirk of the sororal mind he vested and went to the altar. There he found the missal opened at the Common for Confessors! It seemed to him too late to turn back so he went ahead and read instead of a requiem for the repose of the dead bishop's soul a "Mass" in his honor. That settled it for the nuns. They insisted that they had episcopal authority and precedent for keeping the Feast of their Holy Founder as that of a canonized saint of the Church!

WHAT COULD be better evidence that the High Churchmen need to revive the discarded confession in the Book of Common Prayer and to realize how much of what is there, applies directly to them? "We have erred and strayed from Thy ways like lost sheep. We have followed too much the devices and desires of our own hearts. We have offended against Thy holy laws. We have left undone those things which we ought to have done and we have done those things which ought not to have done . . ."

Sheep without a shepherd, how pathetic are their gropings after the way home, and how blind they are that it lies so close at hand.



## The Sepulchre: *Twelfth Chapter in the Highway of the Cross*

THE GOSPELS tell us that immediately after our Lord had breathed His last, two marvels occurred, one for the priesthood that had ceased, the other for the people who had rejected their Messias. The silken veil, purple and scarlet and wrought with cherubims, that hung before the Holy of Holies "was rent in two from the top even to the bottom," leaving that innermost sanctuary of Israel, which only the high-priest might enter, and he but once a year, exposed to the view of the priest who, in his turn, spread the incense upon the golden altar for morning and evening prayers. And at Golgotha and its neighborhood rocks were rent and graves opened—the deep rents running not with but athwart the lie of the vein.

On the little hill itself three groups, silent and expectant, stood by the crosses. The friends of our Lord were allowed to draw close. St. John, with a few faithful disciples on one side. Somewhat farther and, according to Eastern custom, in a group by themselves, were His Mother, and Magdalen, and Mary of Cleophas, Salome, and other holy women, His friends. And the Centurion with the guard, obliged to keep watch

while life remained in the crucified. Silent and expectant, for before the first stars appeared after sunset all traces of the crucifixions must be removed. By the law of Moses no condemned person might be left upon the gibbet, but must be "buried the same day," lest the land be defiled: and the day now at hand was the "great Sabbath." The Jews had therefore made earnest representations to Pilate, asking for a speedy execution.

Soon there appeared on Calvary another band of soldiers armed with clubs for what was known as the *Crurifragium*—immediate death by breaking the legs, and sometimes the ribs. This they did to the two thieves, but desisted when they came to our Lord, seeing that He was already dead. Then one of the guard—St. John tells us—stepped forward, and standing beneath the cross, opened His side with a lance, a light spear terminating in an iron, oval-shaped instrument, sharply pointed. The wound was from the right side and through the heart; long and deep enough for St. Thomas afterwards to put in his hand; and St. John, who was standing at the foot of the cross, saw a stream of blood and water flow from it.



AFTER THE CRUCIFIXION. THE BODY OF CHRIST AT THE FOOT OF THE CROSS.

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The Centurion, who, in sense of duty, had stood "over against Him," watching and noticing all, was struck with awe and cried, "Indeed this man was the Son of God."

The soldiers also "were sore afraid," saying, "Indeed this was the Son of God."

And many of the crowd who had gathered to look on and had lingered to the end returned to the city "striking their breasts."

WHEN THERE were left by His cross only the two groups of His sorrowing friends. The afternoon was wearing away and evening must soon come, when there appeared two well-known members of the Sanhedrin, Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus, disciples of Jesus, but in secret, for fear of the Jews. The former, noble of birth, rich and influential, had gone boldly to the governor and asked that the body of Jesus be delivered to him, a request at once granted, when Pilate had ascertained from the Centurion that death had come, for it was the custom of the Romans to grant this consolation to the friends of the condemned. Joseph had then bought a clean winding-sheet and grave bands; Nicodemus had joined him, his servants carrying a hundred-weight of rich unguent composed of aloes and myrrh, ground and mixed together, such as the Jews used for embalming.

These, with the aid of St. John and the disciples, at once proceeded with their pious task. The four nails were first drawn away (they are afterwards found by St. Helen apart from the cross and near the sepulchre), and the ropes unbound, then the sacred body, thus released, was reverently lowered and received by those standing beneath. Whose hands then gently disentangled and removed the crown of thorns, who were they that carefully and pitifully sponged and cleansed of the blood-stains the thin white face and the deep wounds, who reverently straightened and composed the lifeless limbs, we know not. But surely it was now that His Mother and the holy women with her drew near, and before His embalming, poured over Him the sweetest perfume of their love. They have ministered to Him during three years of journeyings, and now that these are sadly finished, they will be faithful to Him to the end. Magdalen has poured her rich ointment over His feet, stained with the dust of the road; now that these are wounded by the nails she can at least wash them with her tears. And the Mother, now that it reposes in the deeper sleep of death, may lay again the dear head upon her bosom, where it had so often rested in the sleep of infancy.



THE TAKING DOWN FROM THE CROSS

THE NEXT task of the devoted disciples was the embalming. The sacred body was washed and anointed with perfumed oil, and sweet unguents spread over it and placed in the openings of the wounds. With the arms stretched close to the sides it was wrapped in a clean winding-sheet, another cloth round the head and face, and finally, tightly swathed in linen bands.

There was no time to seek a grave elsewhere, even if one were ready, no time to carry the sacred remains any distance. All was done in haste, for the sun was near setting. Calvary was surrounded by gardens, in which, after Jewish custom, graves were built. Happily the neighboring garden was Joseph's own property. Its paths and trees, its flowering shrubs and sweet herbs reached to, and here and there covered, the rocky eminence of Calvary. "Now there was in the place where He was crucified a garden, and in the garden a new sepulchre wherein no man had yet been laid." Thither the disciples carried the body of our Lord. They had to bend low to pass through the entrance to the narrow chamber, about six feet by five, hewn in the side of a cliff. Within it in a receptacle chiselled in

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THE BURIAL OF JESUS CHRIST.

the rock, they laid the sacred burden. A large, round stone—shaped like a mill-stone—was slowly rolled in a groove till it covered the door of the sepulchre, and there firmly fixed. This completed their pious work, and the disciples at once returned to the city.

The group of women who, with His mother, had closely followed to the sepulchre, eye and heart on all that was done, stayed a little while that they might carefully note the position of the grave and the paths leading to it. For they intended when the Sabbath would be over, and at dawn on the first day of the week, to return and more leisurely, with more abundant and precious ointments, renew the embalming.

Then they also returned to the city, to the Cenacle. And the Mother was with them, she alone knowing that before three days would be gone He would be alive again, and love telling her that she would be the first to see Him and speak with Him.

But not all were gone. Two women yet linger, Mary Magdalen and Mary of Cleophas, "sitting over against the sepulchre," their hearts with their treasure. But the law forbade them to be longer abroad, and sadly, yet in hope of return,

they too departed. Then the garden was deserted; darkness moved from east to west: a few stars shone above, and the great city, set among the hills, lay folded in its walls, stilled of all movement, silent in its great Sabbath.

### *The Flowering Thorn*

BY SISTER MARY BENVENUTA, O.P.

On the brier the naked thorn;  
These are His, but ours to wear  
Roses that have blossomed there,  
Where the living flesh was torn.  
His the foul and ours the fair,  
His the piercing pain to bear,  
Ours the honor, His the scorn.

Conscience is both the law and the judge of the will, and in both these offices it is the organ and representative of God. It instructs us what to desire and what to fear, what to do and what to leave undone; and then it judges what we have done: applauds what we have done well, and rebukes what we have done ill. It gives peace to the good and terror to the evil. In a word, and that word shall be St. Bernard's: The conscience is a mirror that reflects into the man the knowledge of his exterior and interior condition. How can the man see himself without a mirror? A good conscience is the bright and pure mirror of religion. As a woman composes herself to beauty in a glass to please her husband, the soul contemplates herself in her conscience, and there sees how far she has gone from the image of truth, and what she still retains of her Creator's image."

We therefore carry in our conscience, as the companion and tutor of our will, the sense of God, the voice of His law, and the mirror of our life; and our conscience is at once the witness and judge of our conduct, the approver of our good and the punisher of our evil acts, and the faithful recorder of our just or unjust life. When this record of our life comes to an end with the termination of our mortal years, it is sealed unto the day of judgment, when God will condemn nothing that has been blotted out by the tears of repentance, or consumed in the flame of charity.

How perfectly the folded record of our conscience is preserved within us has been demonstrated in certain critical cases that are historical. A sudden violence to the human system, under given circumstances, has unfolded the whole volume of life to the mind and heart in every page and line of its course, and that with an instantaneous effect.—ARCHBISHOP ULLATHORNE.

# Queer Street

## *Where Folks Are Mostly Going Down*

"Don't tilt your chin at Queer Street,

It's more than just a mere street—

Perhaps you've "motored past it" on your way uptown.

Though 'tis true that folks of Queer Street—

For of course it's *not* a dear street—

The folks that live in Queer Street are mostly going down.

THESE lines of doggerel would have meant nothing to me before I lived in Queer Street, and had I seen them then they would certainly never have remained in my memory—but now! The reasons that took me to Queer Street were—queer—else had I not been living there, and how much I learned and shall not forget. Don't imagine that its name has a rather sinister significance. "Queer Street" implies nothing of evil—quaint, pathetic, humorous, aye, even eccentric; but, I venture to state, and I've lived there, that Queer Street is as little wicked as any spot in the world. And you shall judge.

Wrapped in my own troubles, it was long that I lived there, before I woke to the consciousness of a different world. Timid in this new and strange environment, I went out but little, feeling that everyone must read my sore heart and thoughts. But at last a day came which began my acquaintance with the folks of Queer Street and enriched my life with hitherto unimagined knowledge and the exercise of sympathies to which before there had been nothing to appeal.

Waiting on a corner for a trolley, I was struck by the profile of an elderly man who stood a few yards off. Even unconsciously I must have felt his air of infinite leisure,—but a vague distinction, mixed with a less vague sense of his extreme threadbareness and careful grooming, touched an idle curiosity and it was with a feeling almost of regret that I boarded the car. Those aged delicate features were, however, stamped on my memory.

A few days later I saw him again, coming out of the newspaper shop as I went in, and it was a shock to notice, in walking behind him down the avenue, that his feet were bare—a long slit in those highly polished shoes revealed a sockless foot! That was the first of many encounters. Later I learned that "the Colonel," as he was called in the neighborhood in tribute to his courtly manners and stately bearing, was a well-known character in Queer Street, though no one

BY BEATRICE BARRY

knew anything about him; and great was my surprise to find

that he actually occupied some nook or corner of the very house in which I lived, and in which I was unwittingly regarded as star boarder, by virtue of a front room and a cupboard that had been transformed into a bathroom.

Then I began to "come to life," as it were, and to realize with much astonishment that there were other kinds of lives than the one I had always led. Mrs. Skellington—it really was her name, though local usage had transformed it in all good faith into "Mrs. Skeleton"—was hostess to many Queer Street folks and it was as her guest that I learned much of life and living. For the most part these were elderly women (we numbered but a few men). They were not poor, certainly not rich, in no way outwardly unusual, and yet having known them even so little one began to feel that they would not fit in with any imaginable family circle. They were nearly all self-supporting, and every one of them—men and women—was Respectable, for that Mrs. Skeleton *would* have! Her rooms were rarely empty, and if this did befall, as if by magic appeared a new guest, even a little queerer, if possible, than his predecessor—and took his place quite naturally among us. US? Of course I ended by being one of them. And that's why I love Queer Street and its folks.

THERE WERE characters among us, of course. There was, for instance, Lady Mary. No one ever explained to me exactly why she was called "Lady Mary"; she had never given it as her name; there was apparently no "authority" for it. Mrs. Skeleton, and the "outside" world, *must* have known what her name really was, but to Queer Street she was known, and knew that she was known, as "Lady Mary." We were very sociable, after our fashion, in Queer Street, and no party was considered complete without her presence, but to the uninitiated she was a very startling guest.

I shall never forget her first appearance on my



stage. She came into the room after most of the guests had assembled—that was her “way”—a quaint little stiff figure, tightly dressed, long sleeves, long skirt (as was becoming to her years) very high collar, a small, tight little hat, with a very high crown; a veil (in these days!) tightly drawn over her face, and high spats. This, as I was to learn, was her invariable costume from year’s end to year’s end, though sometimes in the very dog days she discarded the spats! Introduced, she bestowed on me a stiff little bow, which detracted nothing from her dignity, and subsided into a corner where she remained completely forgotten, until about half an hour later I heard her pipe “My own cupboards and closets are full of clothes,—and I’ve *trunks* full, too.” Her remark had no connection with the conversation then going forward, and she then subsided into silence for a time, but no one seemed the least surprised either at her speech or her silence.

Presently she slid into the conversation and after that rarely left it for the rest of the evening—a thin trickle of talk, continuous, not loud—and she did not seem to mind that her little separate stream was lost in the general current. Poor little Lady Mary! There was nothing conspicuous about her, yet for some reason people always turned to look after her in the street though not even the daringest small boy ventured a remark. Much room-to-room visiting went on among the inhabitants, but no one save Mrs. Skeleton had ever been in Lady Mary’s room, and when she gave “parties,” her’s were always given in Mrs. Skeleton’s room. Even as hostess at her own party, Lady Mary never discarded her hat; it was understood that she had never been seen without it; there were those who held that she took her bath and indeed slept under its shelter—though it must have been a singularly uncomfortable pillow being such a hard little affair in general; but it is a fact that when fire broke out in a house two doors away at three o’clock in the morning, and orders were given to vacate *our* house, Lady Mary appeared in bath robe, slippers on her bare feet, and the hat firmly in place! But Lady Mary shared the universal Queer Street quality of a kind heart, which did much to atone for her coronet!

**W**HEN THERE was Miss Bapty. Miss Bapty deserves a whole chapter to herself—but we don’t always get our deserts in this world. Miss Bapty was a woman of uncertain age—that is, you really could not be certain that she wasn’t years older than she looked, but there was nothing to

prove it. Her plump, neat, bustling figure, her smoothly dressed dark hair, her almost inexhaustible energy, and her absolutely inexhaustible tongue gave her at least middle age; but she was a tradition in Mrs. Skeleton’s house, and even that lady deferred to her as to the oldest inhabitant. Miss Bapty was of those who “get on” in the world; she held a responsible position in a well-known department store, but it was a delicacy on the part of the guests never to visit her department or to pretend to have seen her “in action,” as it were.

**M**ISS BAPTY prided herself very much on her lineage—as well as on many other things, I hope with more reason!—and for some cause Lady Mary was a thorn in her side. Though I did not care very much for Miss Bapty, I was never other than respectful to her, but it was confided to me by a friendly and, I believe, sympathetic guest, that Miss Bapty, in a moment of candor and irritation, had bracketed Lady Mary and myself in her description as “codfish aristocracy.” Long have I mused—or amused rather—over this darkling saying, but I have never been satisfied that I knew what Miss Bapty really meant!

There were only three men in our establishment: “the Colonel,” Mr. Timson and Mr. Fuessle. The Colonel is really the hero of this little sketch, but the other two members of the sterner sex must not pass unnoticed. Mr. Timson was a nice, clean-looking, delicate young man, whose only interests in life seemed to be work and radio. He was a clerk of sorts in an office or warehouse and had interminable hours; but after dinner he came “Home” to play a little with his radio before going off again to another job. He was the most amiable youth I have ever met, and the most unselfish, and I can believe the tradition that all his income from his double job went in assisting a rather worthless set of relatives or dependents who were most ungrateful for his kindness.

Mr. Fuessle was a much older man, though he, too, had the peculiar Queer Street quality of agelessness. He was employed in a large grocery store and came home with bulky, spicy-smelling bundles which must have contained his food, as he prepared all his own meals. Very queer-smelling some of them were! He was treated with great respect by all the ladies and was always appealed to on a question of weather; on this his decision was final—as far as the ladies were concerned—though the weather was ungrateful enough not always to agree with him. He took the weather very seriously, and what

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seemed to me an ordinary rainy day was described by him as "dirty weather, ma'am, very dirty weather;" and a day one might call moderately windy demanded the use of the term "squall" from his vocabulary—in fact we had so much squally weather that I was very glad we were landlubbers and not seafarers.

Mr. Fuessle had rather the air of owning the weather, and I used to think he might have inherited it from the Clerk of the Weather. There was a very junky junk shop at the corner of Queer Street and "the Avenue", and among its dustiest objects was a "terrestrial globe" from which, I am sure, all boundaries had long since been obliterated. Mr. Fuessle never passed without throwing a proprietary glance at the globe, and from time to time made a point of stopping to talk to the owner of the shop and no doubt descanted on the many merits of the world. It was generally understood that the only thing which prevented Mr. Fuessle from acquiring this bauble was that his room was already somewhat inconveniently crowded with furniture. And this reminds me of another queerity of Queer Street.

EVERY TENANT of the house appeared to have inherited or collected a vast amount of furniture—sideboards, arm-chairs, little tables and whatnot; every room in which I had the honor of being a guest was very much overcrowded, and an impartial observer would have willingly consigned the whole lot to the flames. Frightfully unprepossessing portraits glared from the walls, which were further enhanced by impossible views of very unlikely-looking places. Elaborately upholstered chairs, huge mahogany tables of substantial quality, made moving a difficulty, and milliner-ial mirrors were the rule rather than the exception. As each guest "took care" of his own room, one wondered that some exasperated owner hadn't pitched all the stuff out of the window and got some plain wooden tables and chairs for the mere relief of it. But we lived in Queer Street.

In Queer Street, too, there were no children. Children played in the street, of course—hundreds of them—and littered it with broken toys and boxes and papers and fire-crackers—but *live* in Queer Street? No! I suppose it is because there really are no queer children—they only get queer when they grow up!

And Queer Street people seem to have no relatives—no visible relatives, that is. Though many of us boasted friends and sometimes even received visits from them, no relatives ever came.

Our people *went* to see their relatives, and it was a curious thing that a visit to a relative nearly always entailed a whole day's absence. The explanation, "Miss Bapty [or whoever it might be] has gone to visit her aunt or her cousin"—for no one appeared to possess any nearer relative—was all-sufficient.

ANOTHER characteristic, and one which well might be imitated in more sophisticated circles, was the very delicate consideration mutually displayed. And sometimes these manifestations were almost pathetic. There was a marked discrepancy between the front and the back hair of Miss Lister—a gentle soul who seemed to wander forever in her conversation and in her way through life. Whatever one may have thought of the perpetually waving golden front, and the very straggly little greyish knob in the back, one's thought never found words, though it was silently understood when we said "how pretty Miss Lister's hair is" (for we gave even the devil his due, in Queer Street) that we referred to the front portion and not the back!

And Lady Mary! She was the possessor of a set of snowy teeth so abundant as to arouse curiosity, but this was soon assuaged by her appearance one day quite without "means of support," as someone delicately put it. Poor Lady Mary! it happened so often that when I got to know her better I used to wonder if, for all her mild exterior, she "gnashed" her teeth in private. Once when Mrs. Skellington's "Spring Party" took place on the very day when a breakage had occurred, and it was quite obvious that our friend could not possibly partake with any enjoyment of the crisp toast and rocky buns which were always served at that function, almost as if by magic a plate of "lady fingers" found itself very near her so that her ladyship was able to carry off the occasion in a manner worthy of her.

My chief interest was in Mr. Godley—the distinguished looking old man who was called "the Colonel." I am sure that he had almost nothing to live on and but for Mrs. Skellington's all-embracing kindness I doubt if he would have been able to afford a shelter outside of charity. For his food he managed somehow. I used to wonder at his extreme neatness in dress—one had to look closely to see how threadbare was his coat, and his flowing tie covered a tiny expanse of white handkerchief which, attached to some remnant of underwear, served as white shirt-front. I used to see him very often sitting in the little shop of the boot-black—one of the "local merchants" Miss Bapty insisted we should patronize

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—and one day, stopping for a pair of heels, I found him sitting there and guessed that he was in charge while the little black-eyed, smiling, proprietor had gone on his weekly trip to the bank, a service which I am sure was paid for in “shines.”

**M**R. GODLEY was also in high favor with the young men who officiated at the corner coffee-and-lunch shop, and was often to be seen there at the slack hours, regaling the boys with his interesting conversation and hearing the local gossip. I know very well that those boys—rough, kindhearted lads they were—saw that many a cup of hot coffee and doughnut were disposed of semi-consciously by the Colonel during these sittings. He was an educated man and had travelled. What his history was, I never learned. At his faults one might easily guess. Though one somehow absorbed the atmosphere of the other tenants, one never “got” him. I am not even sure that Mrs. Skellington herself knew, though one day in a quiet chat in her own rooms when his name was mentioned she seemed for a moment to be on the verge of relating something about him. After her “Mr. Godley is—,” I waited breathless, but she paused a long time and then said “a man of parts!” That is all I know of the Colonel’s history. He was a proud man—whatever had brought him to his present state.

One day I witnessed a curious little scene: he was resting against a sand-box at a sunny corner near the subway station, hat off, to catch the sun on his thinning locks, and held in his outstretched hand so that to a very casual stranger it might almost have seemed as if he were asking for alms. From a taxi descended a richly-dressed, fussy-looking woman, evidently homeward bound from a conference at the nearby settlement. She was aware of him, her mind probably occupied still with thoughts of benevolence, and seeing the outstretched hat she fumbled in her purse with the intention of giving him some money. He read her thought, drew himself up with such a gesture as to startle her into dropping the bundle of magazines under her arm. They fell jumbled at his feet. He picked them up and with a courtly bow and a gracious word or two of French gave her as great a surprise as he did me. But I noticed that he never took off his hat in the street again, though it was a favorite gesture with him and added to his dignified appearance.

The “local merchants.” Few indeed—a depressed little cobbler’s shop, the proprietor of which was a little Italian, polite, amiable, and

always with a smile—and such a cough! I dreaded to go into his shop lest it should rack him while I was there. Unlike most of his countrymen he seemed to have neither friends nor children—a true candidate for Queer Street. He lived and worked alone. At seven in the morning one saw him seated at his window already busy with his little hammer, pipe in mouth—at ten at night he was still toiling. Sometimes he chatted with his neighbor—the butter-and-egg man. Their stores were divided by a thin partition, and it was quite etiquette, if the Italian’s doors were locked, for you to leave your shoes with Butter-and-Eggs. And here, too, was Queer Street courtesy exhibited.

I sometimes patronized Butter-and-Eggs—and he was Milk, too—as his was the nearest supply; but, though he was pleasant and his somewhat shifty handsome face always wore a smile, I could not like him and was not a regular customer. One day his door was closed when I stopped there. A knot of children were gathered around, with wide-open eyes and faces a little frightened. The Italian stood at his door smoking in the sunshine. “Is the man ill; his shop is closed?” I asked. Luigi smiled, shook his head, murmured.

“Oh, lady,” shrilled the children with joy in having something to tell, “the police took him—there was a lady there and his wife came an—”

“Sh-sh-sh,” said Luigi, and turned into his shop, frowning, while I passed on guessing only too well at the sordid little tragedy.

**A**ND SO life went in Queer Street—sometimes sad, sometimes funny, but always interesting. I was interested in my unknown neighbors, too, seen from across the street or yard. There was the man who sat always with his back to the window, reading, from early evening onward. I never saw him come there, I never saw his face, even though I watched, but suddenly every evening he would be there having come unseen as a star slips into the sky. He sat with a book held before him rocking, rocking slowly, regularly rocking and reading. What curious fancies he inspired. He was too old to be a student, and the house was a poor one, what is called a “rooming house,” so he probably was a poor working man. I wondered about him, and his life, and at last I grew to think that should I ever enter his door and stand before him I would find that he was without a face!

Then there was the young man who tinkered with his radio; the girl who washed her hair at



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least once a day, it seemed, for she was always Lorelei-like at her window, her long locks waving in the breeze; the elderly workman who cooked himself a comfortable meal every evening and kept a generous larder on the windowsill. I knew when the menu was to include onions and tomatoes, when the milk supply was running low, and when the healthful cabbage was to increase vitamins. Strawberries, rhubarb and melon appeared in due season. He would have made a very good "wife" for a working-woman—that fellow!

Mr. Godley and I became great friends and I managed to help him a little, with the connivance of good Mrs. Skeleton. If he suspected it he never revealed it and always treated me with charming deference. Though there were long, mysterious periods when I did not see him, whenever we met it was as friends.

Then the day came at last when I was to leave Queer Street! I was almost sorry—sorry above all to leave these friends, for it was not likely we should meet again. Mrs. Skeleton gave me a party of unparalleled magnificence; Lady Mary wore for it a costume of such splendor that one dare not smile in its presence; Miss Bapty, unavoidably absent, sent me the felicitations of one Great Power to another; Mr. Fuessele predicted endless bad weather for the Street after my departure; Mr. Timson was indefatigable in offers to strap trunks or boxes—and not a single one of these dear people asked where or why I was going or whether I was coming back. It was not done in Queer Street!

As I went to my room after the party had dispersed, Miss Lister's mother, a very mysterious old lady who was rarely seen—it was understood that the poor soul was not "all there"—opened her door and, blocking my passage with her bulky form, pressed into my hand something which she "knew would be useful." It was a stiff paper fan such as the department stores distribute in summer, with a large advertisement of bathing suits printed on one side and an extremely well-developed young woman—wearing, we must suppose, one of them—on the other!

ON THE eve of my departure I stopped at "John the florist" to order some flowers for delivery to my hostess, Mrs. Skeleton, after I had gone. John was thorny. It appeared that he couldn't get a boy to sweep the store and make deliveries; he had engaged a boy for next week but business was good now and there was no boy to be had. John was very cross. I was sympathetic but preoccupied, and as other customers were numerous

I made a hasty farewell to John. I had a vague idea that the Colonel was hovering round somewhere but he was not to be seen when I turned from paying my bill.

I PURPOSELY left very early next morning and came down, traveling bag in hand, preparing to look for a taxi. But on opening the door I saw the well-known limousine with Harold at the wheel. He gave one impersonal glance and sprang out, but some one was before him. The door was already open and beside it stood the dear Colonel, bowing. In one hand he held out to me a sheaf of beautiful roses which even in that crowded hour I knew he never could have bought. He gave them to me, saying: "A pleasant journey! You will accept, dear lady, these few roses which my gardener—"

Harold, perfect in his role of chauffeur, self-imposed, had taken the wheel and already the motor purred. I pressed the dear old gentleman's hand and stepped into the car; the door swung to. Looking back through my tears I could see Mr. Godley still watching from the pavement, waving his hand. *His gardener!* My tears fell unrepressed. I heard myself murmuring humbly: "Dear God, I *couldn't* live in Queer Street—I'm not good enough!" For they are

"Brave folk who live in Queer Street  
And smile as they go down."

## The Beatitudes

BY ELEANOR ROGERS COX

Amid a world of varying lights and counsels  
Seeking a word of changeless spirit-peace,  
We come to these as to a golden fountain,  
Quaffing therefrom renewal, and release  
From cares that ambushed lie in each day's  
shadows,  
From snares whose meshes lie about our feet,  
From lights that flare to lure us down Death's  
marshes,  
From drums that beat reveilles of retreat.  
For, vital as when on the holy mountain  
The Master spoke them, lives today each word,  
A light to guide across life's sea uncharted  
Man's soul wind-driven like a homing bird.  
The meek, the pure, the merciful, the peaceful,  
The grieving ones who know affliction's rod,  
They who for His sake drink of desolation,  
Here shelter find as on the breast of God.



# OUR JUNIOR READERS



## *For a Child*

By F. C. CORCORAN

The lovely western sky at sunset hour,  
In royal robes of scarlet, gold and blue;  
The solemn sea in all its majesty  
Are not to be compared, my dear, with you.  
There is a loveliness in thy pure heart,  
Surpassing all the sunsets ever known;  
A grandeur there to which the mighty sea,  
Is but a tiny bubble idly blown.  
For not to His own likeness has God made  
The lovely sky, nor yet the mighty sea;  
This wondrous favor Providence reserved  
For those who love and serve Him, you and me.  
Remember then, my dear, this precious gift  
And spurn all earthly things as worthless clod;  
If e'er they'd soil thy loveliness,  
Or mar the sacred image of thy God.

## *Sacrifice*

### *A Pill and How It Worked*

By RICHARD A. ROBERTS

IT WAS summer vacation—a three month's armistice for professors and pupils, the world over. Young and precocious Lawrence Barker had determined to "land a job" during this time, earn some shekels, help his mother, and incidentally, boost his own finances. He succeeded in "landing" on the staff of Arnold Fusspotts, proprietor of Fusspotts' Apothecary and Ice Cream Parlor. He was detailed as general assistant to the senior soda clerk at the fountain opposite the counter where Pharmacist Fusspotts presided.

The circus had just arrived in town, to remain three days. Lawrence had been sick abed when the troupe had honored the town the year before; he felt that he must not lose this year's oppor-

tunity, so when proffering his services to Dr. Fusspotts, Lawrence asked to have this first evening off to attend the circus. Lawrence's request had been simmering a few hours in the mind of Fusspotts, when the old Doctor crossed from his counter to the soda department. The junior soda boy looked up suddenly from his work, into the owlish face of his employer; startled, Lawrence accidentally tightened his grasp on the release lever of a siphon bottle. "Spurt!"—the soda water leaped to liberty. Lawrence became excited. He hurriedly tilted the jar and unconsciously directed the nozzle at Fusspotts. Marksmanship was perfect.

"Ye gods of Greece!" spluttered the pharmacist. "What've you done! What d'you mean! Brat! Snip! I am wet! I am chagrined!" Lawrence, usually pale and drowsy, flushed crimson, and apologized eloquently. "Bah!" blurted the dripping Fusspotts, "see my collar! See my coat! I am wet! You stupid—yes, you are a young dumbell!"

"I'm awfully sorry, Mr. Fusspotts! Honest to goodness! I'll take them to the laundry!"

"Yes—you won't. Such a piece of stupidity! I tell you, boy—no circus for you! And if you leave that counter, you needn't come back to work—what is more—you will pay this laundry bill! B-r-r I am wet!" Fusspotts went to the rear of his establishment and having donned dry attire, shuffled back to his counter, still twitching and wriggling as imaginary eddies of soda-water trickled down his surface.

Lawrence, subdued and glum, sat at the end of the soda fountain, staring through the window, his chin cupped in his hands. He only turned his eyes to the senior clerk who had changed his white coat and cap for street clothes and who, as he strolled out, said with a grin, "So long, kid! See you at the circus!" Lawrence had dismal thoughts. It was mean of the old druggist to say "no circus" for him! It was vacation—he could quit if he wanted to. He was strongly tempted to resign at once—he would

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rather be at school! To give up the job, however, would be rash, for it would mean losing the salary and being in debt for a laundry bill. There was a strong attraction in this occupation, for old Fusspotts voiced no objections to occasional self service. As his thoughts rushed along at random, the happiness of the school year dawned on him and the light of those principles which Sister Catherine had propounded to the class became brighter and more practical. He distinctly recalled one short instruction in which Sister Catherine had said that crosses and disappointments in life are like medicine—like pills that are needed for physical betterment: if we accept them and bear them properly, we gain merit. His heart expanded in sympathy for the old man whom he had messed up, and he generously determined to make noble atonement. "Well," Lawrence concluded, "I'm no Saint Aloysius. This is a bitter pill—pretty bitter—but I'm going to swallow it! I'll offer up this missing of the circus for the success of my first year of high school." It was noble, praiseworthy sacrifice for a thirteen year old boy!

Lawrence looked up as Fusspotts boomed forth. "I say, Barker, you mind shop till I return. I'm going to the laundry with my coat. If any come for drugs, tell them I'll be here in ten minutes." Lawrence nodded. How important he felt now that he was in sole charge of the establishment—and how happy that he was going to swallow the pill! "But say—doctors usually sugar-coat a pill, so I'll coat this one with a nice fudge sundae!"

**A** MOMENT later as he raised his spoon to his mouth, a rough-looking man dashed into the store, closed the door quickly, glanced up and down the street and rushed up to the soda fountain. "Boy—I warn you not to yell! I know you're alone! Don't budge!" The man vaulted the counter and opened the cash register. Lawrence was numb with surprise and fright. He stood motionless: he could not think. His breath came fast as he caught the rustling of bills and clink of coin. "Boy!" rasped the man, "give me the keys to the store; Be quick about it! D'you hear?"

Lawrence was relieved to get into action. He went to the rear of the store and while taking the front door key, noticed the absence of the key for the rear door. It correctly flashed on his mind that Fusspotts had locked the rear door. "Oh if I could only lock the man in!" thought Lawrence, as he furtively watched the man who now stood in the aisle between the counters,

cramming money into the inside of his jacket. Lawrence edged toward the man, glanced at him and with lightning speed picked up the siphon bottle, pressed the lever and sent a stream straight between the eyes and eyeglasses of the thief. Crashing the siphon to the floor, Lawrence sprang through the door, pulled it after him and turned the key on his prisoner.

"Hey! Police! Thief!" shouted Lawrence to the traffic cop at the next corner. He was jumping with excitement when the officer came running to the store, and took the key: he jumped on old Fusspott's toes, too, when the proprietor suddenly inquired, "What's the matter?" Lawrence grasped his arm and pointed. "The thief is locked in!"

That evening, at the circus, Lawrence felt that his head was sore from the kisses of the supergrateful Fusspotts. "Gee," mused Lawrence, "it's an ill wind that doesn't blow some good! I'm going to keep the top of that siphon jar for a souvenir. I'll show it to Sister Catherine tomorrow and tell her about the 'pill' and how it worked. It kept me in the store and I kept the store safe from a burglar. Our Lord does prescribe a dose and a reward!"

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## Daddy Sen Fu's Own

MY DEAR LITTLE MISSIONARIES:

Last month Daddy promised to tell you the story about the King choosing the national flower. This story was told to Daddy in a nice letter he received from a good little girl by the name of Agnes. Agnes is a very good worker for the Missions. She has a Bobby who is working very hard to beat all records. But I shall have to tell you about her Bobby at another time. This month I am going to keep my promise by giving you the story just as I received it from Agnes. I hope you like it because it teaches a very good lesson to every Little Missionary.

Dear Daddy:

Do you remember that in my last letter I told you I would tell you the story which our good Sister told us in the school? I tried hard to tell it by myself but I was afraid that I would leave out the best parts so I went to Sister and asked her to loan me the book. Of course Sister was glad to loan it to me when I told her I was going to write to Daddy. So here it is just as I copied it. I hope all the Juniors (mother calls them the Sunny Signers), like it.

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### THE KING CHOOSES THE NATIONAL FLOWER

One beautiful summer morning the Angel who awakens the flowers in Meadowland brought exciting news. "Awake! Awake! Sweet Flowers!" he cried. "Today the King comes to Meadowland to choose the National Flower. The flower chosen by the King, he and the Queen will wear. All the people shall wear it on festive days and it will be woven into wreaths and laurels to adorn the statues of the nation's heroes. It shall appear on Court House and City Hall and the homes of all the citizens shall choose it for their decorations. Do ye all, then, array yourselves in your best garments that each may appear in fullest splendour when the King comes to choose the one who is to attain the highest honor that can come to any flower."

Quickly the flowers shook the sleep from their tired eyes, clad themselves in their most glorious raiment and anxiously awaited the visit of the King.

And soon he came, majestic in his royal robes, and all alone. As he approached each tiny bud and bloom did strive to look its best. Gently they swayed to and fro, each trying in their own way to attract the eye of the King. And as the King slowly passed through Meadowland his eyes first fell upon a beautiful, red rose. For a moment the eyes of the King rested upon its blushing beauty and a pleased look of admiration crossed his face. Bending down he caressed it lightly with his hand. He lingered for a moment but plucked it not. And on he travelled through the land.

Then, before the King, there spread a carpet of millions of dancing, fluttering daisies, each daisy raising its snowy face borne aloft by the morning breeze. The mighty King paused by this field of humble blooms, smiled at their good cheer, slowly shook his head and passed on.

To the shaded woods he turned and there he beheld the shy violets in their green beds. Even these modest flowers cast sly, hopeful glances at their royal visitor. But after bestowing on them a radiant smile, he plucked them not and passed on.

Then to the bluebells, and daffodils, the buttercups did he turn. To all the flowers that bloom in Meadowland did he go. But none did he choose. With the beauty of all he was charmed. But none did he pluck.

And now he turned to leave all Meadowland a disappointed King. But as he turned his steps homeward he became aware of an exquisite perfume in the air. He glanced around and up and down but could perceive no flower near by. Then bending down to earth and tossing aside some leaves, he beheld before him a lowly Mayflower.

"Ah me!" exclaimed the King in rapturous tone, "this is the loveliest flower I have gazed upon and truly it is the lowliest. This will be the National Flower." And forthwith he plucked the Mayflower and bore it off in triumph.

\* \* \* \*

The moral of this little story is very simple. Strive to be lovely, that is, to adorn your soul with all those virtues which will endear you to God and

man. But above all be lowly, that is humble. If you do this the greatest honors will come to you.

Our Blessed Mother had the loveliest soul and the humblest heart of all creatures and to her came the greatest honor. So God will honor you in proportion to the beauty of your soul.

And now Daddy, as my story is so long I must close. I hope that Mary and Charlie Chin do not become too proud and that they are successful, like the Mayflower, in winning the praise of our Lord the King.

Your little missionary, AGNES

Of course Daddy had to read the story to all the Bobbies. They all seemed to like it for they made a whole lot of noise when I came to the close of the story.

One or two of the Bobbies who are a little jealous of Charlie Chin shouted out that I should send that story of Mary and Charlie.

Chubby Mite could not allow that to pass without a word in defense of his friend: "Mary and Charlie are alright and are hard workers for the Missions," he cried. "They do not need that story to teach them any lesson about humility because they are humble."

Our old friends Tiny and Smiles came over to me and told me they liked the story. Tiny is just the same as ever and is still the pal of Smiles. They are always together and they always give good example to the other Bobbies. Ever since the strike all the other Bobbies are afraid to start fighting when Tiny and Smiles are around. And that is just the reason I am keeping these two little fellows here instead of sending them out for the Missions.

I have not told the Bobbies about Charlie Chin's great success but when I do tell them I will certainly need Tiny and Smiles to help keep order. I know one little fellow that is going to be very noisy when the good news reaches him and that is Chubby. Many of my little Junior Missionaries have requested me to change his name to Professor. But, really, Juniors, you will like Chubby a whole lot when you know more about him. He does ask lots, and lots of questions. Asking questions is not a bad act in a child unless the child is disrespectful in asking the questions. Often it is only by asking a question that you will learn. If you are in doubt about something, by all means ask your good mother or father all about it. But always be careful to say "Please" when you ask them. For instance you want to know if it is bad to take something from one of your companions or to take a cake from the pantry. Well, just go to

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your good mother and say: "Mama, will you please tell me if it is bad for me to take a cake without asking for it?" Then your Mama will be only too glad to tell you all about it. And if Mama or Papa tells you to be quiet and not ask any more questions be sure to keep silence.

Try hard to be like the little Mayflower. Be good, say your prayers, run the errands, obey your parents, always tell the truth and never allow a day to go by without doing something for the Missions. If you do all this you will be lovely just like the Mayflower. But do not forget to be lowly, too. That is, you should not tell everybody just how good you are. Remember that deeds speak louder than words. Everybody loves a good boy or girl and above all, the Infant Jesus will love you and be good to you.

Daddy was certainly pleased to hear from so many of the Juniors. But Daddy would like to hear from many more. If you have not written to Daddy why not try writing a few lines during vacation time. Just tell me all about your vacation, what you are doing and how hard you are working to fill your Mite Box for the Missions. Now, don't forget your prayers during vacation time and be sure to write your true friend,

DADDY SEN FU

Some months ago Daddy was so busy that he did not have time to write the Juniors. One class of Juniors, all hard workers for the Missions, immediately offered to write the stories for him. They all got busy and from among the stories they sent in to Daddy the following one was chosen for publication. It comes to you from Daddy Sen Fu Jr. Here it is just as Daddy Jr. wrote it:

Dear Juniors:

Well, well, Juniors, I hope you are doing your part and helping along the Missions in China. I

have a nice story for you this month. It is about a brand new Bobby, a very handsome Bobby, whom I call Willie.

Well, Willie was placed among the other Bobbies but they quarreled with him, telling him everyday that he wasn't worth his weight in soap-suds. And often I noticed that Willie fell on his knees and prayed to the dear Lord to make him a good Bobby, and to help him do great things for the Missions.

One bright sunny morning when I came into The Sign office, I found a letter on my desk. It was from a little boy in Maine, asking for a nice Bobby Mite Box. So, as Willie had never been sent out, I sent him to the boy, and Willie promised to pray very hard to the Infant Jesus that he might return to the office, with plenty of money for the poor little Chinese children.

One month, two months, three months passed, and then, Willie returned. I gave the dear little fellow a hearty welcome, then asked him how he had been treated. "Fine", he said, "the Lord heard my prayers all right."

"I've brought back enough money to ransom six Chinese babies."

"Splendid, Willie, my boy," I said. "You did very well for the first time out. I am very proud of you."

Soon after this I received another letter, asking for a Bobby mite-box. When I read it to the Bobbies, Willie cried out: "Do let me go, Daddy! I promise to do even better than last time."

"No, no, Willie," I replied. "All work and no play, has never yet been known to pay. You must take a much needed rest. Some other Bobby must go this time." And Willie bowed his head and obeyed.

And now my dear Juniors, always do as you are told, and you will always be happy and no harm will come to you.

And please pray for,

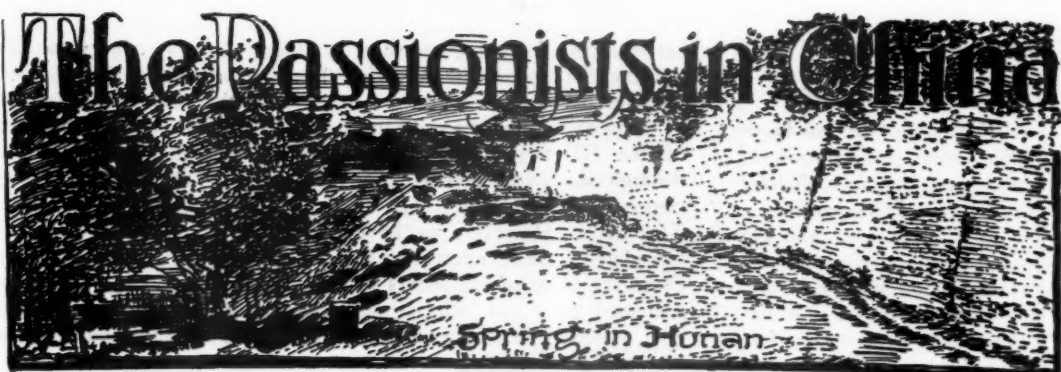
DADDY SEN FU, JR.

Daddy wishes to thank Daddy Junior for such a fine story. It is well written, Junior. Try writing another story. And next month I hope to print a story from another Junior.

### *Special Attention, Juniors!*

ON PAGE 707 of this magazine there starts a very wonderful story by a great missionary Priest, Father Cuthbert, C.P. (That C.P. means Congregation of the Passion. After Father's name it signifies that he is a member of the Passionist Congregation or Order.) Read that story and learn of the hardships of our poor Missionaries in China. You will find it more interesting than any other story you have ever read. Best of all, it's true. When you have finished it I'm sure you'll pray fervently for all our missionary Priests and Sisters in poor pagan China.





## The Mission Situation in China

*As Reflected in Letters of the Missionaries*

WITHOUT doubt the prayers of our many friends have been heard and answered by Almighty God. We are, indeed, most grateful to all for the assistance given our Missionaries during the past month. In a special way do we thank those who have made great sacrifices in order to render prompt spiritual and material aid.

Our Readers may now rest assured that all the Fathers and Sisters in China are safe. However, the majority of the Missionaries are still far from their Mission Stations and in some cases their present safety is largely dependent upon activities of the warring armies in China. We beg all our friends to continue to pray most earnestly that God continue His protection of the Missionaries and speedily grant a return of peace to China.

In the following communication received by the Father Provincial from the State Department in Washington we are given our first definite news of the Missionaries who could not be reached for two months.

The first dispatch was received at Union City on May 30th and reads as follows:

"The Department has received a telegram, dated May 25th, from the Consul at Yunanfu, in reply to the Department's telegram of the 19th, as follows: 'Haydon, Catholic Bishop of Hunan, has received information by mail from the Bishop of Kweichow, that the American Catholic Missionaries from Western Hunan have reached Chenyuan in Eastern Kweichow, where they have decided to remain with the French Catholic Mission, because conditions there are peaceful. The Bishop has no fear for their safety.'"

From this message we received the first assurance that at least part, if not all, of the remaining Passionist Fathers in Hunan, were safe. Since the Passionist Fathers are the only Catholic Missionaries in that district we knew that the message referred to our Fathers. We were still at a loss with regard to the Sisters of St. Joseph, who, we had learned sometime ago, were on their way to Indo China. Our doubts were solved some ten days later when the following message was received by the Father Provincial at Union City:

"A telegram to the Department, dated June 8th, from Hongkong, transmits a telegram dated June 4th, from the American Consul at Yunanfu, as follows:

'Letter dated May 24th, which the Consul at Yunanfu received from the Roman Catholic Mission at Kwei Yang, stated that all the American Catholic Missionaries of Western Hunan are safe and are located as follows: eleven Fathers are at Kwei Yang; one Father and four Sisters are at Lao Hwang Ping, in Kweichow; and four Fathers are still at Yang Chow, in Hunan Province, which is in possession of the Kweichow troops, who are friendly. They are all intending to remain where they are until conditions are such that they can return to Hunan or until conditions compel them to evacuate.'"

This message accounts for all the Fathers and the Sisters. There can no longer be any doubt regarding the safety of all the Passionist Missionaries in China. Ten Fathers and five Sisters are stationed in Shanghai. Two Fathers are still at Hankow and the others are num-

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### Lest You Forget

*We know that you know that every subscription to our magazine is a distinct aid to the Missionaries.*

*We know, too, that you are really anxious to do something for them.*

*Perhaps you find it impossible to send a donation. Is it also impossible for you to renew your subscription to THE SIGN?*

*When you stop to think about it the \$2.00 for a year's subscription is really very little. Remember that it amounts to less than four cents a week?*

*We are willing to trust you because we know your credit is good. If you cannot send the \$2.00 at once, just send us your assurance that you intend to renew your subscription.*

bered in the foregoing message. All the Sisters are likewise in places of safety.

Many of the Fathers and some of the Sisters have passed through some very trying experiences since our last issue of THE SIGN. However, we have considered it more interesting to give here some of the letters of previous date and which will give a better idea of events as they actually occurred.

MARCH 30TH, 1927

[TO FATHER CUTHBERT O'GARA, C.P.]

WE HAD Te Deums in our hearts yesterday at 11 o'clock when our steamer, the Sui Wo, docked at Shanghai. And best of all we were allowed to land. Father Celestine and Brother Keeley were at the dock waiting for us. Soon we were taking tiffin with the good Marist Brothers at St. Francis Xavier's College.

Later in the afternoon our baggage was properly attended to by Father Celestine. Fathers Rupert, Jordan and Caspar are staying with the Brothers for a few days. The others of our party are stopping at the Belgian Procure. This arrangement is only temporary as Father Celestine has already rented a house for us. Soon we shall once more have a "home" all to ourselves.

Since our arrival here I have picked up a few news items, which I know will be of utmost interest to you. In Hankow all foreigners are evacuating to the last man. The situation is most critical. No doubt, Fathers Arthur and Flavian will be down on the next boat. The Franciscan Fathers are also coming down. We have no definite word concerning the Irish Fathers and the two Sisterhoods in Hanyang.

Yesterday the U. S. Gunboat Noah went up to Wuhu to rescue the Spanish Bishop and six-



ON THE WAY FROM SHENCHOW TO CHANGTEH. STANDING TO THE RIGHT IS SHOWN FATHER WILLIAM, C.P. THE THREE FIGURES TO THE LEFT OF PHOTO ARE FATHER DUNSTAN, C.P., FATHER JORDAN, C.P., AND FATHER CASPER, C.P. IN THE CENTER, SEATED, IS THE NATIVE COOK.

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teen Jesuits. The Cathedral has already been taken over by the soldiers.

Siccawei, here in Shanghai, has fallen into the hands of the Nationalists. The Sisters have left and all departments are closed. Only a few Fathers remain. Mr. Lo is in hiding since his life has been threatened. His home for the sick, the aged and the blind has been taken over by the Nationalists and the Sisters have been evicted.

Great fears are entertained for the safety of the French Concession here in Shanghai. Barricades of barbed wires, sand bags, etc., have been erected at all the street corners. Marines of many nations patrol the streets and they carry guns. British tanks, machine guns and a number of six-inch guns are being dragged through the streets . . . .

The Sisters of Charity have found a temporary residence at the Sacred Heart Hospital until

suitable quarters can be provided for them elsewhere.

MARCH 28TH, 1927

[TO THE FATHER PROVINCIAL]

FOR SOME time past I wanted to write to you, but events here have prevented my doing so. The Post Office has not been open for some time and even now is not functioning on schedule. Kindly pardon me if the following letter is a little confused. I have not suffered any personal danger but recent events have been so startling that it is no easy matter to give a clear account of them.

About the middle of the month I left Hankow for Shanghai. At that time Fathers Arthur Benson, Flavian Mullins and Godfrey Holbein were at the Procure. Hankow was then full of conflicting rumors.

My journey to Shanghai began peacefully enough. Later on the dark clouds began to

### *Have You Forgotten?*

*The Missionaries seldom ask for anything for themselves. Usually it is for the good of others that they solicit your aid.*

*You know that they do need your assistance. In fact, they cannot get along without it.*

*Now they need and ask your aid for themselves. They need all you can send.*

*What would they not do for you if they saw you in distress. No sacrifice would be too great to make to help you save your soul.*

*Do send in your contribution. God will bless you abundantly and you will always have the happiness of knowing that you have befriended the Missionaries in their darkest hour of trial.*



A PARTIAL VIEW OF SHANGHAI AS IT IS TODAY. THE BOAT SHOWN IS OF THE SAME MAKE AND DESIGN AS THAT USED BY THE FATHERS AND SISTERS IN THEIR TRAVELS FROM SHEN CHOW TO SHANGHAI. HOWEVER THE BOATS USED ON THE FIRST PART OF THIS JOURNEY WERE FAR SMALLER.

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FOREIGN MUNICIPAL POLICE AND CHINESE SOLDIERS OF THE NORTHERN ARMY. THIS PHOTO WAS TAKEN PRIOR TO THE CAPTURE OF SHANGHAI BY THE SOUTHERN FORCES. NO CHINESE SOLDIERS ARE PERMITTED TO ENTER THE FOREIGN SETTLEMENTS.

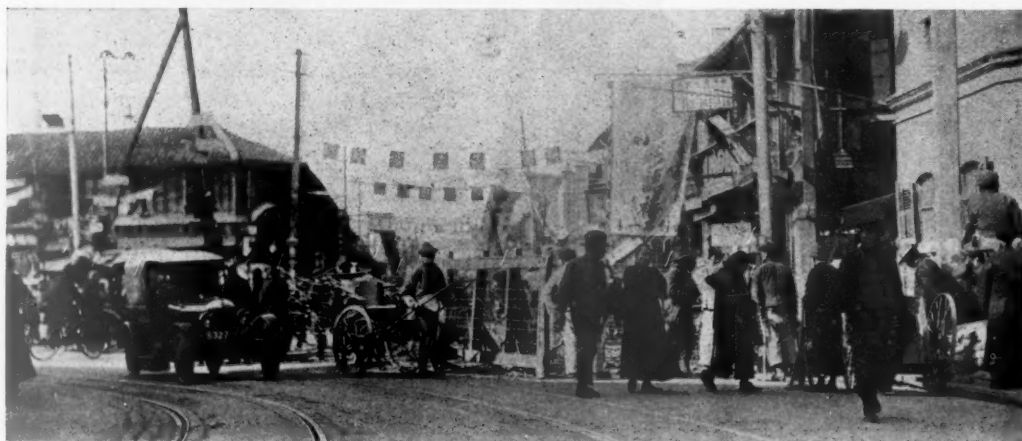
gather. The city of Wuhu had been captured by the Southern forces. The same army was then threatening Nanking, the ancient capitol of China. We prepared to receive a large number of refugees as we neared that city. About forty, mostly women and children, came aboard. This made it necessary for the male passengers to give up their rooms. The males, in turn, contented themselves with bunking wherever they could find a little empty space. Few

of the refugees realized the fate of those who remained behind at Nanking.

Shanghai, on our arrival, was still in the hands of the Northern troops, though reports had it that the Southerners were fast approaching. It was only a few days when the storm broke! The Southerners had thousands of men already in Shanghai . . . . Fires broke out everywhere. From every housetop and alley automatics and machine gun fire let loose on the retiring army.

The slaughter was terrible . . . .

During all this excitement the lines of the International Settlement and the French Concession were well guarded by the foreign troops, about twenty thousand in number. At the same time the warships were standing by ready for action. Barbed wire and sand bags closed up every entrance to the foreign settlements. No Chinese soldier was permitted to enter unless he first gave up his arms. The same rule holds good even now.



BARBED WIRE BARRICADES ERECTED AT STREET CORNERS BEFORE THE ENTRANCES TO THE FOREIGN SETTLEMENTS IN VARIOUS DISTRICTS OF SHANGHAI.



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The few foreigners outside the Settlement limits had a rather hectic time getting to safety. This was especially true of the Sisters and pupils of the Holy Family School. One Sister bravely made her way to the foreign Settlement to report that the school was under heavy fire and that the soldiers were throwing bombs from the roof. With the street constantly swept by machine gun fire it took her hours to go the rather short distance required.

When this news was brought to the English Consulate by Father Jacquinot, S.J., the Consul General, Sir Sidney Barton, and Viscount Gort immediately set out for the convent to render assistance. It was an amazing bit of bravery and shows the esteem in which our Catholic Sisters are held by the officials. To go outside the lines of the Settlement at such a time was to court death. Sir Sidney could very easily have delegated others

for this perilous task. Viscount Gort, by the way, is called the bravest man in the British Army, having been severely wounded on seven different occasions during the World War.

The relief expedition was doomed to partial failure. Father Jacquinot reached the convent but was wounded three times in doing so. The Consul General and Viscount Gort were forced to return at the point of pistols when the mob identified them. The Sisters and children were all later removed to safety. The convent was looted.

Our next news was about the capture of Nanking. The American papers have, no doubt, given you the story in detail. The two Jesuit Fathers killed were well known and much beloved in Shanghai. It was really a miracle that the large crowd of Americans escaped death.

About the Passionist Missionaries who remained in the Interior I know nothing. Due to

the fact that the postal and telegraph services being out of commission, I do not know whether the Sisters of Charity and the other Fathers have as yet reached Hankow. I have telegraphed and written several times but received no answer.

Sad to say, I have no news at all concerning the Prefect and the Sisters of St. Joseph. My last word was that they were cut off at Yuanchow and could not even return to Shenchowfu. They, and the other Fathers at the Mission, are truly in the hands of God. Conditions grow worse daily.

MARCH 30TH, 1927

I HAVE allowed a day or two to slip in my writing. Now I have a surprise for you. After telegraphing and writing to Hankow in vain, I heard that a boat was coming in from that port. I went to meet it. Lo and behold! the Sisters and the young Fathers were on board. There



COLOR GUARD OF THE UNITED STATES MARINES IN ADVANCE OF THE AMERICAN LANDING FORCES MARCHING THROUGH THE STREETS OF SHANGHAI. IT IS UNDERSTOOD THAT THESE AMERICAN TROOPS HAVE BEEN LANDED IN SHANGHAI MERELY AS A SAFEGUARD TO AMERICAN LIVES AND PROPERTY.

## THE † SIGN



THE BRITISH COLDSTREAM GUARDS ARRIVE IN SHANGHAI. IT IS CONSERVATIVELY ESTIMATED THAT THERE ARE APPROXIMATELY 30,000 FOREIGN TROOPS OF VARIOUS NATIONS NOW STATIONED IN DIFFERENT PARTS OF THIS WORLD-FAMOUS CITY.

were 320 refugees in all.

Please try to stop any money from being sent to our Fathers in the Interior. Even Hankow is not safe. The banks are not open in Hankow and may not re-open for sometime.

APRIL 8TH, 1927

[TO THE FATHER PROVINCIAL]

OUR LITTLE party of thirteen arrived here in Shanghai on March 30th, after twenty days of river travel from Shenchow. The Sisters of Charity have now taken up residence in their own home and are as happy and contented as can be. Their temporary quarters at the hospital, while very nice, at the same time were crowded. Now they are by themselves and live in a nice location. Next door to them lives a devout Catholic family and through them we hope to

be able to attend to every want of the good Sisters.

The Sisters are, indeed, a remarkable band of women. They never utter a word of complaint, always satisfied and so cheerful. God knows they have suffered like martyrs. How they clung to the hope of remaining in the Shenchow Mission, ministering to their dear orphans and caring for the sick, the poor and the dying! But really the situation became too serious to risk their presence there. We succeeded in getting out just in time.

We Fathers shall soon be in our own new home. For mission refugees I think we shall have it very nice. The good Belgian Fathers have entertained us nobly; likewise the Marist Brothers at St. Francis Xavier College, where Fathers Rupert, Jordan and Casper have been staying. Father Celestine

has spared himself nothing in his endeavors to fit up our new home. We hope to receive the privilege of reserving the Blessed Sacrament.

Missionary refugees are arriving daily. Yesterday thirty-six Jesuit Fathers arrived. Today twenty more are expected. Their Bishop called them out even to the last man. The Provincial of the Marist Brothers left for Peking to consult with the foreign legations there about the advisability of closing all their schools in China.

Of conditions up in Hunan I know nothing certain. I left there nearly a month ago and no word has come through from the Brethren there. The papers here say that the legation in Peking has ordered the U. S. Consul to leave Changsha, which means that America assumes no further responsibility for anything

## THE ✝ SIGN

that may happen in those districts. . . . Anything may happen now.

Fathers Arthur and Flavian remain in Hankow but are no longer at our Procuration. They have been forced to move into the French Concession. The Franciscan Fathers have kindly offered them refuge. Fathers Anthony, Basil and Terence are still in Shenchow so far as I know. They are probably still waiting for a chance to get down river.

No newspapers are sent through the mails these days. Telegraphic communications remain impossible. The Franciscan Fathers in Changsha are all evacuating. Only a few of the Augustinian Fathers remain in their Vicariate at Changteh (Lichow). The Jesuit Fathers have all left.

It is a most nerve racking thought to think of our Sisters and Fathers remaining up country. It is enough to drive one insane. All we can do is pray

the good Lord to protect and spare them in this dark hour.

APRIL 1ST., 1927

[TO VEN. MOTHER ALEXANDRINE, SUPERIORESS SISTERS OF CHARITY, CONVENT STATION, N. J.]

Dear Mother:

For the first time since we sailed from America I seem to find difficulty in writing to you. I have been sitting here for five minutes asking myself what I shall say and just where to begin, and, perhaps, more important, where to leave off. Volumes might be written but the time is inopportune. Day after day since January 1st, I have been waiting and waiting, in the vain hope that circumstances would permit me to freely express my thoughts on paper. However, instead of straightening out, things, to our minds, are becoming daily more complicated. Events happen and pass in such rapid succession that my

poor head can hardly keep track of them. At least no one here can ever complain of monotony.

No doubt the American newspapers have many accounts of recent important changes and momentous happenings in China. It would be interesting for us to be able to read them. I wonder how much truth they contain. Sometimes three and four weeks passed before we heard in our Mission about the most important events occurring down here. What was going on up there was equally unknown down here. It is now twenty-three days since we left the Passionist Prefecture and yet we have no information about what has taken place there.

Surely we prayed most fervently that we should not be obliged to leave all that was becoming day by day more dear to us. Consular orders to depart for places where we could be more securely protected did not increase our desire to depart. We wanted to believe that those



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE CITY OF SHANGHAI. THE BUND LOOKING NORTH. TO THE RIGHT IS THE RIVER.

## THE † SIGN



THE SISTERS OF CHARITY AND THEIR REMARKABLY FAITHFUL MARIA, HUDDLED AROUND THEIR BEDROLLS, WAITING FOR THE NEXT MOVE IN THEIR CHECKERED LIFE OF CHINESE TRAVEL.

concerned were unduly alarmed.

Toward the end of January Father Cuthbert told us that it was imperative that we go to a place of safety. Everything was packed up and hidden as well as possible. Much of the extra clothing, etc., that remained we distributed among the poor Chinese Christians. Many were the touching scenes about the time of the Chinese New Year—February 2nd. Tears flowed in abundance from Chinese and American eyes when we all realized that subtle forces were sparing no effort by indirect methods to separate us from the little children and the older folks who were just beginning to show confidence in us.

Military conditions about Changteh were such that not even the soldiers who were to escort us dared to go down river. As a result we had to take our trunks off the sampans and await further developments. We still hoped against hope that we would not have to leave.

Meantime all kinds of rumors

were afloat. One day we heard that we might have to follow the Sisters of St. Joseph to Yuanchow, thence into the Province of Kweichow, and, perhaps, continue on to Yunnan and out of the country into Indo China. We heard nothing from the Sisters of St. Joseph and we are still wondering if they are going on that journey. We hope not. On another occasion, when trouble was feared, we all had Chinese suits made and were prepared to go to Father Dunstan's Mission in Wuki, where all was supposed to be quiet. Other events finally brought about the decision to travel down the river. Later that proposed refuge was looted by bandits and Father Dunstan himself had to flee in the night.

During all this time we met with much courtesy from the General who was in charge of our town. We hope God will reward his kindness. His life is in imminent danger and, perhaps, he has already paid the supreme penalty.

This same General found it possible to form a convoy as well for his own convenience as for the merchants and the forty or fifty foreigners who were waiting to start down river. These latter, besides our party of seven priests and five Sisters, were all Protestant Missionaries. Fathers Cuthbert and Paul are now the only foreigners in that town and for many miles around.

On March 9th we started after having waited for two anxious months. Three hundred and fifty soldiers accompanied the boats which, in turn, numbered about four hundred. Our dear Lord brought us safely past the rapids and past the bandits. At Changteh we met some of our old friends. That night we had to sleep in a little steamboat ticket-office. But in China one takes such experiences as a matter of course and as something quite incidental to a journey. As the natives say: "*Mei in fah tsi*"—it can't be helped.

The rest of the journey to Hankow was made in the steam-



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PROMISING CHRISTIANS OF LUKI WITH THE SISTERS OF ST. JOSEPH. THIS PHOTO WAS SNAPPED DURING A VISIT PAID TO FATHER RUPERT'S MISSION WHEN THE GOOD SISTERS WERE ENROUTE TO THEIR MISSION IN YUANCHOW.

boat. We could stand up straight in this boat and for this reason considered it quite luxurious. On the other boats or sampans this was impossible. One night about twelve o'clock we had to get off the boat onto the sampans and sail until six in the morning across a lake where the water was too shallow for the larger boat. Then, on the other side, we got on another boat like the first one. The next night as we neared Hankow the water was very rough and we slept little. On Sunday, March 29th, we docked in Hankow and were met by Fathers Arthur and Godfrey in an automobile. It was the first auto we had seen since June, 1925. We were then driven to the International Hospital, which is in charge of the Franciscan Sisters. These dear Sisters had rooms ready for us and we began a civilized life

again, but without much enthusiasm. Our hearts were still up river. Meantime the Fathers returned to the Procurator, which is outside the Concessions.

Fathers Arthur and Flavian started looking around for a house for us, as they thought it would be many months before we could return to Hunan. They found one right next to the American Consulate on the river front. It appeared to be a very convenient place for us at such a time of danger. God, however, had ordained otherwise. We had only a little rest in Hankow and on March 24th we found ourselves on the steamer Sui Wo. Why we had to change our plans so suddenly I do not know as we were not told. In all probability it was the Nanking affair.

We now experienced the trial of separation from Maria, that

dear, faithful, loving girl who had worked her way into our hearts. She had become so dear to us, played such an important part of our Mission, that a thought of leaving us never entered her head. During the trying period since January 1st, she spent herself for the priests and Sisters, leaving nothing undone to comfort us all. I must confess that many a time her virtues, especially her great charity and thoughtfulness for others, her practical piety and her unswerving fidelity to duty, often put me to shame. We all agreed that God's bountiful Providence sent her to us to help us in the first difficult years of our lives in China. Her education is a credit to the Cannossian Sisters. Whether it is clothes to be washed, food to be cooked, embroidery most beautiful to be done, a Chinese letter to be writ-

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ten, a saint's life to be described to the Christians, help needed in the sacristy, the sick to be cared for (her specialty), a class in doctrine or Chinese to be taught, Maria is capable and always willing to do it. She has been so happy with us that, when told that it would be almost impossible, as we then thought, to bring her with us, she was heart-broken. She declared her willingness to go anywhere with us no matter what the danger might be.

What made the parting harder was that Sister Finan had given her permission to go home and while she was away the Fathers came, telling us of our hurried departure and binding us to absolute secrecy. The American Consul did not want it known that he had chartered the boat. Maria did not return to the International Hospital until we had left there the next day. She hired a rickshaw and travelled all over Hankow until she finally found out where we were. Then she somehow or other induced the American sailors on a launch belonging to the gunboat anchored off Hankow, to bring her out to the steamer to see us. Her grief and ours was only too evident. Ours is only one single case and there are

thousands of others throughout China today who are suffering bitter sorrow, yes, very, very bitter sorrow. It is our one consolation that since God, in His loving condescension, rewards so infinitely every smallest deed done for Him, He must have great favors in store for China, where wholesale miseries are and have been heaped up in the last few months. So much so, that many to whom we have spoken are very much discouraged.

Since coming to Shanghai we learned that we might have easily brought Maria with us. The Fathers seemed surprised at first that we did not. Shanghai is perfectly safe, so Father Celestine is going to try to make arrangements for Maria to come down. We can then study the language better.

Dear Mother, since you sent the Sisters to China, I believe you can understand and realize how we felt when we had to leave our Mission, especially since we did not know where our journey would end. We felt much relieved after speaking to Father Celestine. God bless him! Although he realizes the seriousness of the situation in China today, he says we are as safe here in Shanghai as we would

be at home. He has hired a house in the French Concession, where we will be "at home."

We are all very well indeed. When I write again I shall tell you about our new home.

The seriousness of conditions here increases every day. They say Hankow is dreadful now. We know everyone is praying. The Loretta Sisters from Hankow arrived here yesterday with six Columban Sisters lately landed from Ireland. We have not seen them yet.

### *Gemma's League*

#### SPIRITUAL TREASURY FOR THE MONTH OF JUNE

Masses Said	8
Masses Heard	46,260
Holy Communions	30,682
Visits to Blessed Sacrament	121,146
Spiritual Communions	149,644
Benediction Services	19,130
Sacrifices, Sufferings	111,582
Stations of the Cross	16,166
Visits to the Crucifix	91,591
Beads of the Five Wounds	312,070
Offerings of Precious Blood	583,447
Visits to Our Lady	54,389
Rosaries	58,504
Beads of the Seven Dolors	10,408
Ejaculatory Prayers	5,537,417
Hours of Study, Reading	46,594
Hours of Labor	70,059
Acts of Kindness, Charity	49,383
Acts of Zeal	219,475
Holy Hours	402
Prayers, Devotions	741,016
Hours of Divine Office	12,548
Hours of Silence	29,385
Various Works	188,655
Hymns	12,000

### "Restrain Not Grace From The Dead." (Eci. 7, 39.)

**K**INDLY remember in your prayers and good works the following recently deceased relatives and friends of our subscribers:

RT. REV. JOHN JOSEPH O'CONNOR, D.D.  
REV. FELIX WARD, C.P.  
SISTER MARY BERNARD  
SISTER M. XAVIER McDONALD, S.S.J.  
SISTER M. RITA HANNON, S.S.J.  
SISTER M. BAPTIST MOONEY, S.S.J.

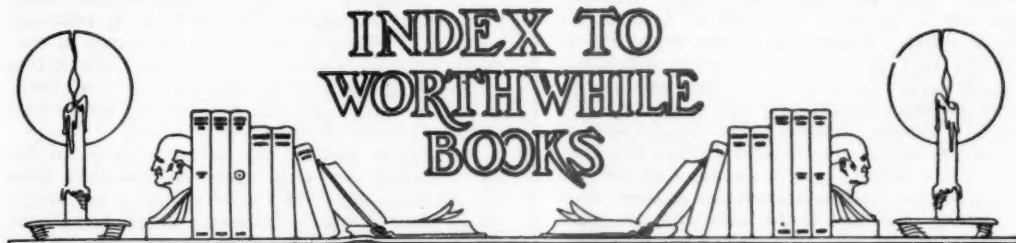
DR. TIMOTHY J. SHANAHAN  
LORETTO VAGEDES  
GRACE CASEY  
FLORENCE CAVANAGH  
ANNE ELLIOTT  
JOSEPH SCHINDLER  
CATHERINE HENNESSEY  
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MRS. DONOHUE  
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ROSSWINKEL  
ANDREW KELLY  
WILLIAM DOWLEN  
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ALICE LOWE  
CATHERINE DICKHAUS  
ANNA KAISER  
JAMES T. McNAMARA  
JOSEPH WILKES, Sr.  
ROSE SMITH

**M**AY their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace.

Amen.



[ANY BOOK NOTICED HERE CAN BE PROCURED THROUGH "THE SIGN." ADD 10% OF COST TO PAY POSTAGE.]

#### A CATECHISM OF CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE.

Suited to Children of Primary and Grammar School Grades. Compiled by the Rev. M. J. Duffy. St. Raphael's Pub. Co., 502 W. 41st St., New York City. Price \$4.00 per 100.

One of the most eminent jurists that ever shed lustre upon the New York Supreme Court bench, remarked recently: "A good case sometimes fails because of faulty presentation." It was an appreciation of the truth thus expressed, that induced a New York City pastor, backed by thirty-seven years experience in dealing with children, to attempt the simplification of the Baltimore Catechism, that, in its new presentation, it might be made suitable to the average child of primary and grammar school grades.

A writer in the February number of the *AMERICAN ECCLESIASTICAL REVIEW*, referring to the new catechism, speaks of the simplification as having been accomplished with "distinct success," and hundreds of priests from all parts of the country have borne written testimony to the same effect.

As the subject matter of the older catechism is fairly comprehensive and the order of arrangement clear and logical, these were retained in the new work.

While the title of the new compilation is "A Catechism of Christian Doctrine Suited to Children of Primary and Grammar School Grades," the work is proving itself so well adapted to the instruction of adults in their preparation for reception into the Church that it is rapidly becoming known as the "Converts' Catechism."

A new edition, the fifth 100,000, is now being issued, and will undoubtedly make even a stronger appeal than ever to those who believe it possible to teach catechism to children in a way to enable them to grasp in an intelligent manner the great truths of religion.

With regard to the use of the little book the author has the following to say: "It cannot be urged too strongly that this catechism is intended to be used not merely as a textbook from which the children are to learn the lessons by heart, but that it is also to serve as a synopsis of the oral instruction given by the priest, the qualified and authoritative teacher of religious truth." "Go teach all nations" applies with particular force to the priest as the teacher of catechism, and the words of St. Paul

will ever remain true: *Fides ex auditu*—faith comes by hearing—especially to the little ones.

#### FIFTY YEARS IN CONFLICT AND TRIUMPH. The Xavier Alumni Sodality in the City of New York. Price: \$1.50

This attractively gotten-up volume is a souvenir of the Jubilee celebration to honor the fiftieth anniversary of the Rev. John J. Wynne's admission into the Society of Jesus. A better way to describe the celebration would be "A Public Catholic Testimonial of Appreciation of Efficient Great Services for God's Only Church." Fifty years of efficient priestly or cloistral service is not uncommon; but fifty years of great services for Christ is less common. The Catholic Church in English speaking countries owes Father Wynne much. The volume detailing the public testimonial of appreciation is only a slight payment of the debt.

In the midst of the celebration the Jubilarian sounded the note which may make the American school children of the future his debtors. In "Retrospect" the Jubilarian furnished material for serious thought for the managers of schools, both private and public. His words are: "The past few months many of my friends have expressed surprise that I could have finished this fifty-year term still so young. I began young, and although not more talented than my companions, I had no difficulty in finishing college when only sixteen. I think it is regrettable that since then the years for elementary training have been increased beyond necessity. So far as I can gather, they are for most young people a time of retardation rather than of progress, and I devoutly hope to see the day when five or six years in the grades, three years in high school and three years in college, at most twelve years in all, will fit any of our boys and girls to enter on post-graduate or professional studies, as is done everywhere in Europe." Why should not twelve years, even less, not be sufficient for the vast majority of children?

#### THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND HISTORY.

By Hilaire Belloc. The Macmillan Company, New York. Price: \$1.00.

Four of the five publications of the Calvert Series are the works of scholarly Catholic laymen. This is an added merit of the series. The social contacts of laymen are decidedly different from those of the



## THE † SIGN

clergy. Quite naturally their literary methods of approach to questions discussed by both laity and clergy, differ. Though not of the world, the loyal Catholic laity is more in the world which is unfriendly to God's only Church. They have more frequent facilities for intimate touch with the line of cleavage between Catholic belief and the opposition thereto of non-Catholic thought. When they happen to be of the militant type of literary Catholic gentlemen, their publications are mirrors of their methods in meeting objections to the faith with the geniality demanded by friendly social relations. It is not implied that their methods are more scholarly than those of priestly authors. Such a childish comparison could lead only to strife. What is meant is that scholarly laymen of the fold have better opportunities for catching the personal shades of non-Catholic opposition, and more frequent provocation for friendly personal discussion. The amenities of unruffled social relations are a safeguard against the asperity which is so apt to creep into mere desk-controversy. Hence, the desirability of a much larger number of publications on things Catholic by scholarly gentlemen and gentlewomen of the faith.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND HISTORY, the same as other numbers of the Calvert Series, is evidence of the corrections of this view. Throughout the friendly conversational element between gentlemen is present. The pages read as summaries of a series of such conversations with opponents of different types. There are no insinuations of bigotry, still less of bad faith. Mental honesty is assumed, as is always done by scholarly gentlemen who judge it worth while to take part in a discussion. The opponent's position is more strongly presented than probably he would press it. The issue is met frankly and squarely.

A helpful caution for defenders of the faith is thus worded: "The refutation of an argument against the Faith is not a demonstration of the truth of the Faith. It is the removal only of an obstacle to the Faith. For the Faith is not arrived at by demonstration, but by demonstration it is shown to be at least tenable. The Faith is not a conclusion which all can reach by the formal action of reason, but a revelation to be defended by reason. The Faith is not a theory, but a thing. It is rational, but not deductively arrived at. There is no process whereby all mankind can be convinced of it as of an abstract proposition. But there is a process whereby all mankind can be convinced that each particular proposition against it has failed. This principle in what is called "Apologetics" (that is, writings in defence of Catholic truth) is so generally neglected that it is of first importance to make it quite clear at the opening of any discussion upon revealed religion. . . . Nearly all our modern debates in this matter are confused by the fact that one of the parties misconceives the nature of these debates. The opponent of Catholicism thinks its apologist is, in arguing, trying to prove Catholic truth as one proves a case for positive verdict. He is not. He is rebutting the supposed value of opposing evidence; he is pleading for a negative verdict; for acquittal of the

charge "irrational." When he comes to establishing the Faith positively, he does not do so by following one line of deductive reason, but by a mass of converging considerations." (Pages 16-18.) Faith is a gift freely given to those who honestly seek for it and perseveringly pray for it. It is not the product of the ingenuity of reasoning processes.

The author outlines the defensive steps of his books against two main classes of objectors after this manner: a) "The Catholic Church has taught things later proved erroneous—which no Divine Authority would do. b) "The Catholic Church has taught things erroneous after she knew them to be erroneous—which no Divine Authority would do. c) "The Catholic Church is highly and increasingly organized—which no Divinely Authorized body would be. d) "(Protestant) The Catholic Church can be historically proved a mass of man-made accretions upon an original basis morally true." e) "(Sceptical or Pagan) the Catholic Church can be historically proved to be *wholly man-made in all its structure*." The first three items make up what he names the minor or moral historic argument against the claim of the Church to divine authority; the last two items are described as the major or intellectual argument against the Church's claim to such authority, as presented on the one hand by Protestants, and on the other, by sceptics or pagans of the modern type. The defence moves along rapidly and interestingly. It is a book for persons who do not shy at real thinking.

**PREACHING CHRIST CRUCIFIED.** Printed for the author, the Rev. Charles E. O'Neile, Rector of the Church of the Most Holy Redeemer, San Francisco, California. Price: \$2.00.

New books treating of the sufferings of the Savior should always be welcomed. Preaching the Crucified One changed the pagan world into the Christian world. The same preaching by word of mouth and by the printed word will bring back to Christ the world of to-day which is drifting in strong currents to the heathenism of old. It is one of the misfortunes of limited minds, such as ours are, to look at the truth through tinted glasses. Each age has tinted glasses peculiar to itself. Environment in its largest sense, determines the tint. For this reason new books dealing with the ancient and unchanging truths are desirable, even necessary, because they enable the reader to look at the old truths through the tinted glasses of his own age and country. Preachers and writers, unless they are mere copyists, can hardly help seeing the revealed word through the tinted glasses of their age. Hence, their preaching and writings are more readily intelligible to persons of their own time.

PREACHING CHRIST CRUCIFIED is a collection of thirty-one sermons, twenty-two on the sufferings of Jesus, eight on mixed marriages, and the introductory discourse on the need of self-crucifixion. They are not flights of oratory, of which a little goes a great way; but pleasingly written applications of great truths to the needs of daily Christian living. The book may be obtained from Catholic publishers.



**"By Such Sacrifices God's Favor Is Obtained."** (HEB. 13/15.)

We print here a list of Benefactors who have contributed to the relief of the famine-stricken in China. May God Himself reward abundantly their generous charity!

(Continued from June issue)

**OHIO:** Cincinnati, P. V. \$1; S. M. H. \$2; C. A. F. \$1; J. J. N. \$2; J. V. \$1; J. & C. G. \$1; A. E. \$2; M. C. \$1; W. G. \$2.50; A. B. \$25; L. A. \$3; K. W. \$2; M. A. S. \$4; L. E. D. \$1; B. M. \$1; A. B. \$1; H. B. W. \$2; T. K. \$5; C. H. \$5; J. K. \$15; J. G. \$5; D. E. \$5; M. S. \$2; L. G. \$3; C. W. \$1; A. F. \$3; M. K. \$1; F. G. \$5; M. C. \$3; Cleveland, E. A. L. \$2; A. M. \$2; E. S. \$5; Columbus, E. G. W. \$1; M. S. \$1; Conneaut, G. P. \$1; Dayton, E. B. D. \$1; J. S. H. \$3; Defiance, T. B. \$1; Hamilton, T. W. \$1; S. O'C. \$1; Norwood, E. S. \$5; H. M. W. \$1; Sidney, J. B. \$1; Springfield, M. H. \$1; Tiffin, O. W. \$1; Toledo, W. C. \$1; Warwick, E. B. \$3.

**ORE:** Portland, N. A. \$2.50; Stillwater, M. W. \$1.

**PENN:** Archbald, E. S. \$2; Ashley, M. S. \$20; A. G. \$1; Avoca, T. N. \$2; Bellevue, M. McK. \$10; Bethlehem, T. C. \$3; Braddock, Anon. \$2; Bradford, M. D. \$1; Brisban, A. K. \$1; Butler, F. A. A. \$1; Bywood, N. T. McL. \$1; Carbondale, E. C. \$10; C. B. \$1; Anon. \$5; J. J. M. \$2; Castle Shannon, M. E. O. \$5; Chester Heights, F. D. C. \$1; Clearfield, E. T. K. \$5; Crafton, H. F. B. \$5; Devon, M. A. J. M. \$1; Dunmore, J. A. R. \$1; P. H. \$2; F. C. \$1; Ebensburg, C. R. M. \$1; Erie, M. O'B. \$1; Ford City, J. J. \$1; Girardville, W. F. McD. \$10; Glenolden, M. McE. \$1; Greenburg, E. W. McC. \$1; E. W. McC. \$1; Hawley, E. L. McC. \$1; Hays, M. D. \$1; Hazelwood, A. H. \$3; Hollidaysburg, S. S. I. H. M. \$1; S. N. D. \$5; Jeannette, V. P. V. \$200; C. H. \$2; Jessup, B. A. F. \$1; J. K. \$8; Johnstown, S. O. S. F. \$5; Larimer, G. R. \$2; Lehigh, J. B. \$5; Lewistown, F. P. S. \$1; Littleton, A. McC. \$1; McKeesport, V. R. \$1; W. M. L. \$1; A. K. \$3; J. K. \$1; McKees Rocks, M. & N. N. J. G. \$2; G. K. \$1; Millvale, J. K. \$2; Mt. Carmel, J. B. \$1; Mt. Lebanon, S. E. D. \$1; Norristown, L. M. B. \$5; Perrysville, A. D. \$1; Philadelphia, N. G. \$1; E. N. \$20; M. W. \$5.10; C. A. \$1; N. J. D. \$3; J. J. M. \$1; A. McP. \$10; M. D. \$3; E. F. \$1; S. M. J. \$5; D. L. \$1; P. S. \$1; W. H. \$1; M. R. \$5; M. M. N. \$2; J. A. J. \$15; R. E. M. \$10; L. M. \$1; M. MacN. \$5; T. B. \$1; K. E. E. \$1.50; G. S. \$5; S. P. \$5.50; M. U. E. \$35; J. McN. \$2; E. R. \$1; J. R. \$1; J. B. \$3; M. McC. \$3; E. T. \$20; N. S. \$5; J. M. W. \$4; I. B. A. \$1; P. M. \$1; A. P. \$1; W. H. \$5; J. A. G. \$1; Philipsburg, C. E. M. \$5; Pittsburg, A. M. \$5; M. J. \$6; H. C. R. \$1; M. M. \$1; M. C. M. \$3; S. J. \$2; L. G. E. \$5; M. J. \$6; J. L. \$1; F. J. M. \$5; J. M. S. \$1; J. J. McL. \$3; M. M. F. \$3; M. S. \$2; S. M. \$1; M. M. H. \$2; S. S. D. P. \$3; G. J. T. \$5; L. I. F. \$1; S. H. C. \$1; R. R. \$5; T. S. S. \$1; H. L. \$1; A. J. N. \$1; A. W. \$2; F. A. W. \$7; E. L. \$1; M. J. K. \$1.05; V. V. L. \$5; W. J. C. \$5; M. A. \$1; M. C. \$5; E. A. K. \$1.10; A. McC. \$1; R. Y. \$1; S. H. \$2; H. H. \$3; G. S. \$2; L. S. \$5; P. B. \$1; P. A. \$1; W. B. C. \$5; R. Y. \$1; M. L. R. \$2; C. C. \$1; J. M. W. \$2; M. & C. McC. \$20; C. D. \$2; M. D. \$1; P. A. M. \$2; S. V. deP. \$25; J. F. M. \$1; J. D. O. \$3; L. A. H. \$5; J. F. McG. \$5; M. P. W. \$1; E. B. L. \$10; M. E. S. \$2; L. M. C. \$1; S. S. \$1; S. J. D. \$1; B. O'T. \$1; M. M. \$1.50; A. K. \$1; M. B. C. \$3; Pittston, M. R. F. \$1; H. R. L. \$1; A. & N. C. \$3; E. F. C. \$1; Pottsville, M. T. M. \$1; Radnor, B. Mc. \$3; K. McC.

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**R. I.:** Providence, A. M. D. M. M. S. R. \$10; E. F. \$5.

**S. C.:** Charlestown, C. P. \$1.

**S. D.:** Mitchell, M. M. \$1; Sioux Falls, D. D. M. \$1; S. M. \$3.

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**CANADA:** Anon. \$1; Kitchener, J. W. \$2; Nova Scotia, S. T. J. \$1.50; C. MacD. \$1.

(Donations received up to June 15)

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**ALA.:** Sheffield, C. E. M. \$2.50.

**ARIZ.:** Rowood, J. W. B. \$10.

**CALIF.:** Anaheim, G. L. K. \$1; M. G. K. \$1; T. P. \$5.20; M. T. P. \$5.10; Los Angeles, R. C. T. \$1; F. K. \$1; F. H. McG. \$1; B. J. McK. \$1; S. S. M. \$10; Olive View, E. R. M. \$1; Pasadena, L. F. \$10.

**CONN.:** Bridgeport, A. E. J. \$1; A. E. J. \$1; C. B. C. \$5; Hartford, S. M. A. \$5.

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**HAWAII:** Honolulu, J. J. F. \$5.

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**IND.:** Ft. Wayne, E. Z. \$5; Union City, J. G. \$3.

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**LA.:** New Orleans, F. J. M. \$1; M. & A. J. \$1.

**MD.:** Baltimore, B. M. C. \$1; H. G. S. \$1.

MASS.: Allston, M. C. \$5; Arlington, C. C. \$1; Belmont, M. O'B. \$3; Boston, A. M. O. \$4; J. F. \$1; Brighton, A. M. G. \$1; Brockton, H. S. \$3; M. S. \$5; J. A. R. \$1; B. O'B. \$1; M. O'S. \$5; K. A. B. \$2; A. G. \$5; M. M. P. \$5; Brookline, A. McC. \$1; P. M. C. \$3; M. G. F. \$1.30; J. H. K. \$15; K. C. \$2; M. H. \$1; A. B. \$1; V. G. T. \$1; A. A. O'S. \$1; M. E. T. \$5; A. H. \$5; M. Mac. \$3; Cambridge, W. D. O'C. \$3; C. F. A. \$5; F. A. D. \$1; Charlestown, J. H. B. \$2; F. McD. \$5; J. A. B. \$1; A. J. \$3; Chestnut Hill, M. R. \$2; Dedham, A. F. S. \$25; Dorchester, J. A. S. \$1; J. D. D. \$3; R. B. \$2; C. L. \$2; A. F. G. \$1; M. F. E. \$1; A. S. A. \$2; K. M. \$5; C. M. \$2; J. M. K. \$1; M. H. \$1; E. L. McN. \$2; H. D. \$10; Everett, M. MacP. \$2; M. R. M. \$1; U. P. \$2; Granitaville, M. L. \$20.30; Jamaica Plain, T. T. \$1; J. A. C. \$3; Lowell, E. J. \$1.75; D. R. D. \$2; M. G. L. \$10; Lynn, J. A. O'B. \$1; M. A. F. \$1; F. McC. \$2; M. M. P. \$5; E. B. \$1; Malden, E. D. B. \$1; Medford Hillside, R. J. Q. \$5; Newton Center, Anon. \$1; K. F. \$2; M. C. MacD. \$2; A. L. \$2; Pittsfield, J. K. \$1; Anon. \$1; Randolph, M. A. D. \$3; S. G. D. \$1; Roslindale, J. J. B. \$1; J. J. B. \$1; Roxbury, M. F. F. \$1; M. S. \$8.50; M. S. \$40; Somerville, B. M. \$2; R. P. K. \$10; J. V. \$1; T. J. H. \$1; C. M. P. \$1; So. Boston, K. M. B. \$1; H. F. D. \$1; F. E. M. \$5; Springfield, M. E. C. \$1; W. Roxbury, M. E. \$1; E. E. S. \$3; W. Somerville, B. W. \$1; Winthrop, B. J. F. \$5.

MICH.: Detroit, E. M. P. \$1; E. M. D. \$2; A. J. F. \$1; Ecorse, E. S. \$1; Muskegon Heights, A. S. \$3.75.

MO.: Normandy, M. E. \$1; St. Joseph, A. F. K. \$3; St. Louis, L. V. \$3.25; G. H. H. \$1; E. P. C. \$2; M. J. V. \$3.25; A. G. \$5; C. S. \$50; H. T. P. \$1; E. G. \$1; J. F. \$2.

NEB.: Broken Bow, J. W. \$1.

N. H.: Dover, M. F. \$1.

N. J.: Atlantic City, J. H. M. \$25; J. H. M. \$5; Belleville, F. A. E. \$1.75; Bloomfield, J. C. \$5; M. W. \$1; T. M. \$1; M. F. McE. \$1; Camden, C. J. B. \$2; Collingswood, A. M. \$2; A. M. \$2; E. Orange, C. O'C. \$1; B. McG. \$5; W. B. \$5; F. A. S. \$5; M. M. \$3; T. B. \$5; J. B. \$1; Anon. \$2; J. G. W. \$25; Elizabeth, A. M. \$5.60; C. McM. \$1; G. E. S. \$5.60; A. M. \$3; F. McP. \$2; C. A. M. \$5; J. D. \$2; J. P. L. \$1; J. J. H. \$1; J. McT. \$5; M. A. M. & G. E. S. \$28; T. F. L. \$1; Fort Lee, J. F. C. \$1; Grantwood, M. H. \$1; R. R. \$2; Hackensack, J. D. \$1; Hilton, S. S. J. \$10; Hoboken, A. B. \$1; M. K. \$2; J. H. \$5; M. E. McD. \$25; Jersey City, M. T. F. \$5; T. A. K. \$5; M. M. \$2; M. C. L. \$5; S. D. \$5; I. B. \$5; I. B. \$5; D. H. \$1; M. McG. \$1; M. A. G. \$5; G. F. \$5; M. S. F. \$1; K. E. \$3; L. K. \$5; W. M. \$2; M. McK. \$1; M. D. \$1; A. McM. \$2; F. S. \$1; J. R. \$1; J. J. D. \$1; M. & M. J. C. \$5; M. S. \$5; A. M. McC. \$6; A. H. S. \$10; M. S. \$1; W. A. M. \$2; J. R. \$5; B. L. \$2; Anon. \$10; J. F. M. \$5; E. C. \$5; F. G. \$1; G. A. S. \$2; M. K. \$2; A. C. \$1; B. O'M. \$2; C. M. \$2; M. B. \$50; H. C. A. \$5; D. H. \$6; M. A. P. \$4.12; M. F. C. \$1; M. J. J. \$3; M. McG. \$2; Matawan, M. S. \$1; Montvale, T. MacK. \$1; G. B. \$1; Morristown, S. K. C. \$20; Newark, B. C. M. \$5; B. J. Q. \$1; T. M. \$5; M. F. S. \$6; A. K. \$1; I. S. \$2; M. T. \$5; J. C. \$50; J. P. \$1; C. A. B. \$1; H. D. \$1; New Bridge, C. K. \$1; Orange, M. H. \$1; S. H. \$3; K. K. \$5; M. D. \$2; H. K. & A. O'B. \$2; W. E. M. \$5; Pater-son, F. M. \$1; F. M. \$1; C. M. \$1; Port Reading,

F. O'B. \$1; F. O'B. \$2; Princeton, H. D. \$15; Ridgefield, M. D. \$10; Roselle, C. L. \$1; Roselle Park, B. S. \$1; So. Orange, A. P. \$5; M. A. M. \$2; Summit, K. McG. \$1; Trenton, W. H. \$1; A. S. \$1; Union City, A. B. \$1; M. C. \$2; L. M. \$5; L. M. \$5; F. H. \$9; F. H. D. G. \$5; F. Z. \$2.71; R. P. P. \$10; P. N. \$5; M. & M. W. \$1.34; F. H. \$1; I. S. \$1; Weehauken, H. M. \$5; M. F. \$2; M. McL. \$2; L. M. \$5; M. V. J. \$4; G. R. \$1; L. M. \$5; M. MCP. \$2; P. F. C. \$5; A. R. \$10; J. C. \$5; V. E. \$1; E. A. F. \$1; B. M. \$1; V. M. \$5; K. C. \$5; J. I. \$1; J. H. S. \$5; J. E. D. \$1; M. W. \$1; A. T. S. \$10; I. R. M. J. \$5; A. T. S. \$1; W. J. N. \$5; C. L. K. \$1; Westmont, H. K. T. \$1; West New York, J. C. \$1; A. O. \$1; E. F. McK. \$1; Westwood, J. W. \$5; Woodcliff, J. W. U. \$2.

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N. C.: Winston-Salem, C. E. R. \$1.

(Continued in the August issue)

STATEMENT OF CONDITION  
OF

**Highland Trust Company**

of New Jersey

Summit Avenue and Seventh Street

(TRANSFER STATION)

UNION CITY, N. J.

At Close of Business, December 31st, 1926

**ASSETS**

U. S. Government Bonds . . .	\$ 342,215.94
State, County and City Bonds . .	261,502.48
Railroad Bonds and other Stocks and Bonds . . . . .	1,214,462.76
First Mortgage on Real Estate . .	2,233,958.25
Loans and Notes Purchased . . .	1,233,958.25
Cash on Hand and in Banks . . .	321,094.16
Accrued Interest Receivable . . .	69,864.20
Real Estate, Furniture & Fixtures .	81,001.00
	<u>\$5,854,099.28</u>

**LIABILITIES**

Capital . . . . .	\$ 300,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits . .	248,757.95
Unearned Discount . . . . .	4,539.92
Reserved for Interest, Taxes, etc. .	7,893.31
Bills Payable . . . . .	200,000.00
Reserved for Dividend No. 31 . . .	7,500.00
Deposits . . . . .	5,085,408.10
	<u>\$5,854,099.28</u>

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Banking  
House  
of Merit**

OUR  
FRIENDLINESS  
AND  
HELPLESSNESS TO  
OUR PATRONS IS  
A VALUABLE  
ASSET NOT  
LISTED

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THOMAS G. HENDERSON

Secretary

JOSEPH FEENEY

Assistant Secretary-Treasurer

JOSEPH F. HESS

**BANKING HOURS**

Daily from 9 A. M. to 3 P. M.

Saturday, 9 A. M. to 12 M.

Monday Evenings, 6 to 8.30 o'clock

OUR representative has called at the Brunswick Laundry, 220 Tonnel Avenue, Jersey City, N. J., and made a thorough inspection of the Largest Laundry in America. He was astonished to find cleanliness and sanitation brought to perfection; he has found over 800 Employees, cheerful, healthy and satisfied with their jobs, their pay and their employers. Patrons are always invited to visit this large plant and see for themselves the process of washing and ironing. The Brunswick Laundry's policy has always been fair play to all employees and customers. We gladly recommend this firm to our readers.

Protestant: Catholic: Passionist:

**Fidelis of the Cross**

James Kent Stone

By WALTER GEORGE SMITH, A. M., LL.D.  
and HELEN GRACE SMITH

Of this inspiring biography, the Charleston Gazette says: "This book is a record that no religious person, be he Catholic, Jew or Protestant, should be deprived of reading." The story of James Kent Stone, who became a zealous Passionist after having been an Episcopalian minister is here presented as a compelling spiritual drama.

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Feb. 22, St. Matthias	Oct. 28, Sts. Simon and Jude
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